BROADWAY THEATRE, SPRINGFIELD.

The BATTLE CRY OF PEACE

A call to Arms against WAR

by J. STUART BLACKTON

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From the painting by Carle J. Blenner

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A CALL TO ARMS

Against War

This Edition (Second) 100,000 Copies

PUBLISHED BY

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 DUFFIELD STREET

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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The William G. Hewitt Press
Brooklyn, New York

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

ONCE in a generation or so a book finds its way into history. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a book of this kind. By crystallizing the scattered elements of a great problem it moved a nation

¶ Today there is another problem no less vital to our country's welfare than the one that inspired Harriet Beecher Stowe. Slavery threatened our unity; today our very existence is threatened by our *defenselessness.*

¶ The solution of the one involved us in war; the solution of the other will *prevent* war.

¶ To bring this great problem home to the millions of American people, J. Stuart Blackton conceived a great idea.

¶ To carry out this idea he produced a wonderful picture· from it he has written a wonderful book.

¶ He took the facts and statistics contained in Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America" and around them wove an absorbing story. With the unlimited resources of the Vitagraph Company of America at his command he translated this story into motion pictures. The result is "The Battle Cry of Peace."

¶ "The Battle Cry of Peace" is the first motion picture to be used to exploit an important, nation-wide propaganda. Its object is to bring to the notice of the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time the defenselessness of our country; not only to make the American people realize our condition as a nation, but to show them also the consequences to which this condition may lead, and finally to show them how to remedy this condition

¶ "The Battle Cry of Peace" is a call to arms—not for war, but for PEACE. It will be shown in motion picture theaters, schools, colleges and churches thruout the length and breadth of this country. It will arouse in the heart of every American citizen *a realization of his strict accountability to his country in time of need.*

¶ Scores of prominent Americans—in Army, Navy and Administrative circles of our government—have contributed to this great production. Notable among its sponsors and endorsers are Dr. Lyman Abbott, the Honorable Lindley M. Garrison, Major-General Leonard Wood and Admiral George Dewey, representing the Church, the State, the Army and the Navy.

¶ "The Battle Cry of Peace" will appear in book form simultaneously with the release of the film, thus for the first time linking definitely the publication of a work thru two different media—literature and the motion picture.

PREFACE

AWAKE, AMERICA!

DO WE WANT WAR?

* *

"And God made man in his own image."

FIVE MILLION men in the flower of their vigorous young manhood, maimed and crippled for life; legless, armless, blinded, shattered; hopelessly destroyed beyond repair.

Five million more; luckier, perhaps, than their broken comrades, rotting in shallow charnel pits or on the war-torn, blood-soaked soil between miles and miles of hostile trenches.

Ten million men! Half of them dead, the other half—worse than dead.

Five million families, each burdened with a helpless human wreck until death removes the burden.

Five million more families deprived forever of the bread-winner.

Ten to twenty million women—mothers, wives, sisters—saddened, suffering, despairing.

Millions of children, fatherless; destined to know only a life of cruel hardships.

Millions again—peaceful, innocent non-combatants—old men, women, little children; starving, homeless, outraged, outcast.

This is Europe's war-tax on humanity during a little over one year.

None of these afflicted ones wanted war. Not one would have permitted war if he or she had possessed the power to prevent it.

But they could not prevent war.

They could not prevent it because a few men, a clique, a party, powerful, remorseless, diabolic, controlling the lives and destinies of millions and affecting the destinies of other millions, decided that it would further *their* interests, increase *their* power, broaden *their* domain, to take that which did not belong to them, but which they coveted.

Therefore, they ordered war.

Why, then, should America feel safe and secure?

Satanic crimes, shaming the barbarism of the so-called dark ages, have been and are being committed in the name of War.

What law is there to prevent the civilized barbarians of today from extending their operations to America? Not the law of right.

Every law of humanity, morality and civilization has been outraged in the name of War.

The United States is the richest country in the world.

What law shall prevent the seekers after World Dominion from despoiling America as they have despoiled Europe? Not the law of might.

Our Navy is hopelessly inadequate, fifth-rate.

Our Army is admittedly even more ridiculously inefficient.

The people who say that America is invincible in her isolation, in her genius to rise triumphant over her enemies, in her ability to instantly supply all necessities in case of war; the people who say this are either imbeciles, deliberately deluding themselves, or traitors, deliberately deluding their fellow-men.

When America's first line of defense, her Navy, is so formidable and so perfectly equipped in all branches that it can secure both our Atlantic and Pacific coasts from invasion, and when that Navy is backed up in the East and in the West by a well-trained, adequately equipped Army, then, and then only, will our country, our lives, our families and our properties be safe from the Modern Madness of War.

The BATTLE CRY of PEACE

By J. STUART BLACKTON

VITAGRAPH

FOREWORD

To the Mothers of America—This story is dedicated with respect, reverence and admiration, and with the earnest prayer that their eyes may be opened to the peril which menaces, and will continue to menace, them, their children and their loved ones, until the present state of "Unpreparedness" has been remedied.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and in those mother-hands lies the power to demand and to receive adequate national protection against war, just as they demand and receive proper police protection against crime.

To the fearless patriotism of Hudson Maxim and the plain, practical, straightforward truths in his book, "Defenseless America," I owe the inspiration and impetus which caused me to write the silent drama of "The Battle Cry of Peace."

To over a score of other real Americans—some of the most prominent men in Army and Navy and Administrative circles in the United States, I owe a debt of gratitude for the invaluable assistance of their advice and counsel in the preparation of that photodrama and its subsequent visualization in Motion Picture form.

Nearly every important Motion Picture yet produced has been made from a story or a book. In this case

the book was written after the completion of the silent drama.

The object of both book and picture is to arouse in the heart of every American citizen a sense of his strict accountability to his government in time of need, and to bring to the notice of the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time the fact that there *is* a way to *insure* that peace for which we all so earnestly pray.

"Let us have peace!"

Ulysses S. Grant, one of the mightiest warriors in the world's history, coined that phrase. With his genius for command, for attack and defense, he, whose business was *war,* wanted peace.

No body of men are half so anxious for peace as are the Army and the Navy. Every sane, conscientious human being is against war and for peace.

But as a nation we must not only be champions of peace and of the laws of humanity, but we must have the power to enforce those laws!—the power to insure that peace!

Let us disarm—let us become helpless, unprotected, emasculated—and there will be peace, but not peace and plenty, not peace with honor. Crushed, bleeding and trampled upon, America may find herself on her knees, begging for "Peace at any price."

J. Stuart Blackton.

Harbourwood, Oyster Bay, L. I.

Chapter I.

"This is a call to arms"—the speaker paused for an instant, then continued—"against war."

John Harrison made his way to the seat corresponding to his ticket number. Carnegie Hall was packed from floor to dome with a typical New York crowd, ready to cheer or jeer as occasion arose. They were doing neither; they were strangely, tensely quiet—an ominous, oppressive quiet, such as hangs in the air before a particularly heavy thunderstorm.

This was Harrison's first impression as he entered. As he took his seat his second quick impression was also related to thunderstorms. It was the electric energy of the man on the platform, and as he listened, like the rest of the audience he fell under the spell of the man's eloquence. The poise of the speaker's leonine head; the snap of his bright, piercing eyes; the ruddy countenance and forceful gestures, were a strange contradiction to the silver of his hair and beard.

Again he spoke in sonorous tones—"A call to arms against war."

This phrase was peculiarly akin to two words that had been running thru Harrison's brain all day. He had read them in the newspapers that morning, when they had stood out queerly in the amusement column. He had meant, he remembered, to decide the momentous question as to which of the new plays opening that night would be the proper choice, said choice being immensely important because of a certain brown-eyed, dimpled person who—— And then the two words had arrested his roving attention—"Defenseless America!"

He read them, examined them, transposed them, which left the meaning just the same—"America Defenseless!" No getting away from it no matter what the viewpoint.

On his way downtown John wondered who was it who had dared print such a preposterous statement, such a calumny against this great, broad, big, rich, strong country. And yet, had he not read, did he not remember, in a vague way, some fellow making ridiculous claims that our Army and Navy were very inadequate?

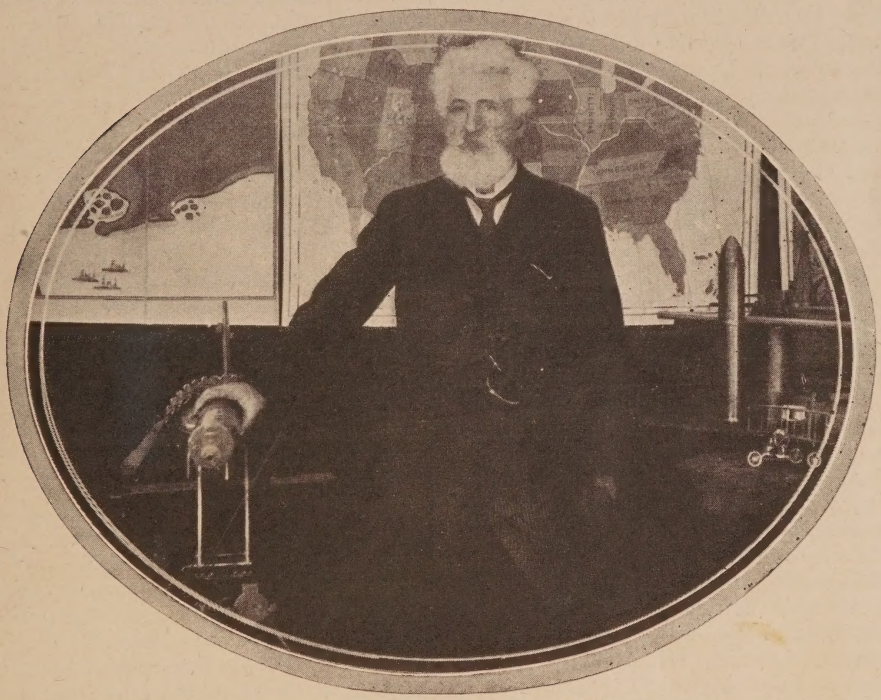
Our Navy! That splendid show that only a week before had delighted the heart of pleasure-loving New York: the long lines of battleships in the Hudson River; the brave jackies in their spick-and-span uniforms; the illumination and fireworks at night, with the "Star Spangled Banner" floating across the water from the marine band on the *Wyoming,* and then the comforting sound of the big guns saluting, reminders that they could not only bark for the good old U. S. A., but, if need be, could bite also.

What if some calamity howler had made a speech in Congress asking for more ammunition, more officers, more soldiers and more sailors? Had not Congress properly rebuked and silenced him by tabling his motion, thus ignoring his appeal and refusing his absurd demand for money for such unnecessary things?

Were there not thousands of towns that needed new post-offices?

Carnegie Hall today, 3 P. M., Hudson Maxim will deliver an address on the defenseless condition of the country.

In the comfortable, mahogany-furnished office of the bank his father had directed for so many years until the war with Spain had taken him to Cuba, and then to a place still further removed—a place from which no one has ever yet returned—all thru the busy morning that foolish little



HUDSON MAXIM, THE FAMOUS INVENTOR, LECTURES ON "DEFENSELESS AMERICA"

The subway guard had shouted "Wall Street," and John had found himself on the platform without having decided whether he would take the brown-eyed one to the new musical comedy or to that clever problem play; in fact, he had a problem of his own to solve.

Why should any sane person print, where all who run may read, such heresy as "Defenseless America"? At the top of the subway steps he paused and read the remainder of the announcement:

phrase — "Defenseless America" — hummed in John Harrison's ears, danced before his eyes and persistently would not down, until, in self-defense, he had followed the promptings of a sudden resolve, and had, a few minutes past three, found himself listening, spellbound, as two thousand others listened, to a presentation of facts which lifted the veil and exposed the true position, the real measure of unpreparedness of this great, broad, rich, thoughtless wonderland called the United States.

He remembered his father going off to war at the head of his company when "Remember the Maine" was on every lip, and how he, a boy of fifteen, had tingled with pride and patriotism.

How his little brother, Charlie, five years younger, but, if anything, more enthusiastic than he, had held tight to his mother's hand on one side, while he, the eldest, the "man of the family" now, his father had called him, tried to look as big and as important as he felt, and, with one arm around the sweet little mother and the other holding tight to sister Alice's small, soft hand, had bravely swallowed the big lump in his throat and cheered and cheered until that father, whom he loved so dearly, whom they all worshiped with the devotion of a loving, happy family, passed out of their sight—melted into the mist that he could not keep out of his eyes—melted into the brown lines of khaki-clad heroes marching out of so many other sons' and daughters' lives. For that last glimpse of Captain John Harrison senior's broad shoulders was, in very truth, a farewell look.

Afterwards he remembered their agony when the news came; his mother's bravery and fortitude, and the courage with which she took up the burden laid upon her shoulders.

All this was long ago. The war began, and the war ended, and, of course, America triumphed. Other sons and daughters lost their fathers; other wives their husbands; but John—now, alas, no longer John junior—never had the slightest doubt about the ability of his glorious country to triumph in any clash of arms with any nation on the face of the earth.

Chapter II.

From the platform, like a stream of shrapnel, came a succession of inconceivable statements, shattering with their explosive force all John's preconceived ideas about America's strength and impregnability.

"The preparedness of fifteen years ago is not the preparedness of today."

No, nor does the preparedness of two years ago measure up to the present, for you, John, are only one of the eighty or ninety millions of Americans all equally ignorant.

"Aeroplanes," the speaker went on, "are the eyes of the Army and Navy—without them an Army and Navy are blind. When the great European conflict began, France had fourteen hundred aeroplanes; Germany, one thousand; Russia, eight hundred; Austria and England, four hundred each. America has, at the present time, twenty-three, and not half-a-dozen of this pitiful number can really fly."

Was this the same country, fearless, invincible, that he had gloried in and trusted in when his father went forth to fight? The man with the silver hair and sparkling eyes must be wrong. It was ridiculous!

"Our first line of defense, our Navy, could not stand against the onslaught of any of the great Powers; it would inevitably be crushed.

"We possess no fast battle-cruisers, no swift scout-boats, very few destroyers, still fewer modern and effective submarines, practically no flying squadron, and the few really good dreadnoughts and battleships in our Navy would, with their brave commanders and crews, be sent to sure destruction if they attempted, without scouts, to maneuver against a perfectly organized hostile fleet."

And this about *Our Navy?*—that brave array we watched and cheered recently in the Hudson River—grim war-dogs, invincible and invulnerable? But the inexorable voice rings on:

"If our Navy is inadequate, how immeasurably more so is our Army! Major-General Leonard Wood, perhaps the best military authority in the United States, says: 'If our Navy were brought to first-rank, we could get along very well with a standing Army of two hundred and fifty thousand men.' Our standing Army consists of about five thousand officers and eighty-eight thousand men. Out of this number only approximately twenty-five thousand are actually

available. In other words, the mobile army of the biggest, richest country in the world, with a population of one hundred million, is about twice the size of the New York police force!"

Aha! there we have the reviler of our national defenses, the shatterer of our comfortable ideals! What about our millions of brave citizens, Mr. Speaker, ready to spring to the country's defense at the wave of a hand? Yes, listen to what he says about that:

"You cannot make a soldier by putting a gun into his hands. It takes two years to make a soldier out of a citizen, and if we had the citizen army of a million and they knew how to use guns, which is a perfectly foolish supposition, there are not enough good rifles in the United States to equip much more than a quarter of that mob—and there is not ammunition enough to last a million men for one day's fighting. How long could an untrained multitude of a million, without proper arms, without artillery, without discipline and experience and cohesion, stand before one hundred thousand trained veterans armed with every equipment and machinery of modern warfare, with rapid-fire and machine guns throwing shrapnel shells at the rate of thirty-five a minute and great field-guns and howitzers hurling huge shells a distance of twenty miles, each one capable of blasting into eternity one thousand men?"

Oh! this pitiless destroyer of our hopes! Well, at all events American inventive genius, American enterprise and ability would soon remedy that. How long would it take for our rifle factories, ammunition works and big-gun manufacturers to turn out enough war material to wipe any daring intruder right off the face of the U. S. A.?

"Yes, indeed," mocks the speaker, "how long, oh, Lord! how long? Let us rather ask how long would it take a hostile force to cripple or utterly to destroy our Navy, lie safely outside of our coast-defense guns and, with their more powerful naval artillery, reduce our fortifications to débris, steam impudently up New York bay and take possession of the richest city in the richest country in the world—without let or hindrance?"

Shades of our forefathers who lived and bled and died for our country, can this be true?

"And having extorted from New York a thousand million dollars or more if the fancy strikes them, under the alternative threat of murdering its peaceful inhabitants and destroying its wonderful buildings, how long would it take that force to secure for its own uses those arms and ammunition and big-gun works and to force the mechanics and artisans now employed to continue their work, not exactly as employees—but as prisoners and slaves of the conquerors?"

After another hour full of similar startling revelations, John Harrison, American, climbed up on the platform and shook hands with the ruddy-faced, silver-haired speaker. Mingled emotions filled the young man's breast, chiefest among them humiliation and shame. In a good American breast like his wrath and indignation were sure to arise—a just anger at those who were responsible for this shameful condition of his beloved country.

And as he walked home he remembered having heard somewhere the quaint saying of a great American—"The surest way to get into a fight is to use strong language and stand with your hands in your pockets"—and this truism brought to mind, in a wave of illuminating fire, the wonderful, practical wisdom of that other saying by another great American, so often caricatured and misunderstood—"Speak softly, but carry a Big Stick."

Chapter III.

They were hungry, as all healthy young people always are about half-past six or seven o'clock in the evening; but John had not come home, and his mother was diplomatically delaying the call for dinner until her first-born arrived. He was rarely

late, and she looked forward with the joy that only a mother and a widow can feel to the happy little gathering of her children every evening. A vacant chair reminded her too cruelly of a place in her heart that had been vacant for so many years, ever since the sad morning she read her husband's name on the honor list of those of whom could be paraphrased, "Greater love hath no man than this —that he lay down his life for his country."

Alice, "Sweet Alice" as they all called her, was teaching Toto to stand up and balance her thimble on his little black nose—otherwise, except for this nose, Toto was very white and fluffy and woolly. The feat having finally been accomplished in a somewhat wobbly but, nevertheless, satisfactory manner, Charlie looked up from his paper and remarked that it was "Good enough for a circus."

Alice, noticing that her mother still kept one eye on her work and one on the door, lighted the table lamp.

"MOTHER, I HEARD A MOST WONDERFUL LECTURE THIS AFTERNOON. IT WAS BOTH

Mother's eyes were not so good as they were twenty years ago. Charlie, to forget his hunger, plunged back into reading in the evening paper how many hundreds of thousands were starving and dying in Europe as a result of the overweening desire of one man to be Boss of the Universe.

However, this state of affairs—not the starving in Europe, but the gnawing hunger in the Harrison family—

could not go on forever. Mother reluctantly folded up her needlework and put it away in the work-basket, and, assisted by Alice, covered Dick the canary's cage up for the night; then, yielding to public clamor, was led, or rather dragged, into the cheery precincts of the dining-room.

"TRUTHFUL AND TERRIBLE"

Dear little Alice, happy, boyish Charlie, if only your greatest griefs could be no more terrible than a dinner delayed, your pains no keener than a little pang of healthy hunger!

Well — at last! The hall-door opened and mother has gone from the table before the echo of its closing has died away. What a picture they made as they stood in the curtained doorway for an instant, the light from the living-room making a halo around mother's hair, outlining John's erect, stalwart figure, his noble head and handsome face! A typical American pair, this mother and son—she who gave the husband of her heart, and he the splendid son of that husband

"John, dear, why so serious tonight?" Wasn't that funny? Imagine John, with his big appetite, not noticing that the soup had been passed! Other thoughts were filling John's mind—what was it the speaker at Carnegie Hall said about our homes?

"And this is not the end of the dreadful picture. Let us look into your homes." Yes, that was it—that was the part that made his heart throb and then almost stop beating for a moment——

"The awful news comes! Our men are beaten with enormous slaughter! Father, brother, sweetheart—all your home-defenders are dead!

"The invaders are in the street outside. There comes a summons at the door—a certain number of the enemy have been billeted to your house."

His mother, Alice and Charlie, and one other, a girl with soft brown eyes —all his dearest on earth!

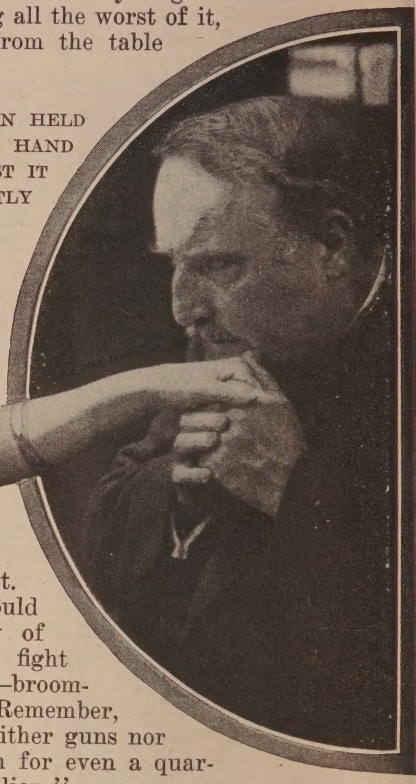
"Tho the invaders get drunk to bestiality and ill-treat you beyond the power of words to tell, there is no remedy. Your dear ones—your stalwart sons—who were your natural defenders, have been sacrificed on the altar of Pacifism and Disarmament."

"Your dinner is growing cold, John, and mother is worried and thinks——"

"Mother, please pardon me—I heard a most wonderful lecture this afternoon. It was both truthful and terrible!" Ah, if it is nothing more serious than a lecture, the mother-heart will cease to worry; but in the son's mind the seriousness was just beginning to be felt, and so, between courses, with salt-cellars, napkin-rings and knives and forks, John illustrated how the enemy could capture this most wonderful of cities, practically without a struggle. He told how inconceivable it seemed that he, an educated, intelligent and well-informed citizen, should have been living in smug and blissful ignorance of the criminal unpreparedness of his country, and, as he talked, the sudden realization crushed in upon him that not the Presidents and Administrative officers, nor the Secretaries of State, nor those of War and of the Navy, for the past twenty years, but he himself, John Harrison, and the other people of the United States and their representatives in Congress, were

alone to blame for the inadequacy of our national defenses. What a difference it makes when the thought of grim, horrible war is brought into the sacred circle of one's own home—brought into direct contact with one's own dear mother and sister, and some other fellow's sister!

That reminded John that he had not bought those theater tickets, after all, and it was now too late, for he and Charlie had argued pro and con about that citizen army until, at his mother's gentle remonstrance, "Oh, my boys, dont talk about such terrible things; war will never come to this country," John, with a warning look at Charlie, had abandoned the argument in which the younger brother was getting all the worst of it, and rose from the table with the parting shot. "What would your army of a million fight with, Bud—broomsticks? Remember, we have neither guns nor ammunition for even a quarter of a million."



MR. EMANON HELD VIRGINIA'S HAND AND KIST IT DEVOUTLY

Chapter IV.

The home of T. Septimus Vandergriff was as beautiful and ornate and costly as one would expect a railroad magnate's home to be, and T. Septimust himself was just as ornate, altho not so beautiful. He was a fat, unctuous, grape-juice type of man, jolly, pleasant, good-natured, but narrow in mind as he was broad in girth—a man who, with advancing years and accumulating adipose tissue, came to detest all thoughts of war as cordially as he loathed physical exercise. On this particular night he was reading, with snorts of indignation, an editorial voicing, in plain terms, its opinion of the people who, after view-

ing the terrible object lesson in Europe, were still shrieking in a spineless and altogether disgusting manner for Disarmament and "Peace at any price."

A salvo of artillery, caused by the pounding of two white fists on the bass keys of the grand piano at his elbow, caused the pacific gentleman to start prodigiously, at which a certain young lady with witching brown eyes and dimpled elbows threw her arms around her father's neck and gave him a good old-fashioned hug.

Virginia, a real "American beauty," as father and mother both proudly called her, laughed loud and long as she successfully distracted Mr. Vandergriff's attention from the offending newspaper.

The entrance of her mother and young Vandergriff, a strapping Yale graduate, stroke of the college eight, and, of course, the apple of his mother's eye, made further reading impossible. When, a few moments later, John Harrison was announced, young Vandergriff closed his eyes, turned his mother's face forcibly away from the entrance and shouted: "You may fire when ready, Gridley." And at that John drew Virginia to him and kist her, for they were to be married when the June roses bloomed again. The lovers entered the drawing-room, and Mr. Vandergriff, primed as he was with the speech he had prepared to deliver at a peace meeting that evening, could not resist the chance for an argument and was in the midst of a lengthy dissertation on the evils of war when his friend, Mr. Emanon, was ushered in.

He was of distinctly foreign type, polished of manner, suave and oily of tongue, and a two-poled magnet drew him to the Vandergriff household—its master's enthusiastic support of Peaceful Policies, and the charm and beauty of Virginia, to say nothing of the many good American dollars that would constitute her dot when some lucky individual led her to the altar.

Mr. Emanon greeted his host and family very effusively and gave John a rather cold nod—he instinctively disliked and feared this big, frank, outspoken American, and made his salutation to Virginia all the more ardent accordingly.

With the reinforcement of Emanon, Mr. Vandergriff swelled up, cleared his throat and declaimed, "As I was saying, this country should use its wealth to build educational institutions, not for the manufacture of murderous, death-dealing weapons."

Mr. Emanon registered his entire approval of this humane statement, and Mrs. Vandergriff, with the air of a Christian martyr, whispered in Virginia's ear, "Father is off again."

It was evident that Mr. Vandergriff was priming himself for his great oration at the peace meeting, but, before he went, he needs must give and receive a good-night kiss from another, not a full-blown American beauty, but, in her way, just as beautiful—little Dorothy, the fragile flower of the family.

He was a cold-blooded plutocrat, self-loving and opinionated, but was truly devoted to his two daughters. So after Dorothy had been sent for and brought in by a foreign-looking governess, John Harrison interrupted the good-night ceremonies by saying:

"Mr. Vandergriff, I want to ask you a plain question. If a stranger brutally attacked your little Dorothy, and you were within sight and hearing of it, what would you do?"

"What a question!" cried Mr. Vandergriff. "What would any man, any father do? Strangle the ruffian, of course—tear him limb from limb."

"Softly, Mr. Vandergriff; think before you speak." John's face had grown stern and hard. The words of the lecturer were pounding in his brain. "What would you think of me if I stood by and saw your sweet Virginia abused, without lifting a hand to protect her?"

The face of T. Septimus Vandergriff was anything but pacific, as the hideous thought of any harm to his girls, his darlings, swept across his mind.

"Do you realize, Mr. Vandergriff, in the present unprepared state of

this country, that if a ruthless enemy saw fit to invade our shores you and I would be in the very position I have described—would be obliged to see our loved ones, perhaps, suffer unspeakable horrors and be powerless to prevent it?"

The look of savagery on the father's face was so far from peaceful that John felt that he had struck the right and only chord that would respond in his mind.

Mr. Emanon laughed softly, and whispered a soft word or two about fighting windmills. With a shrug and a pooh-pooh and a wave of his pudgy hand, Vandergriff wisely refused to enter into an argument that was so unanswerable and struck so closely to home.

Murmuring something about "Cant catch me with specious arguments about absolutely impossible suppositions," he waddled out.

Mr. Emanon, who had come to escort his dear friend to the peace meeting, made his adieux in his accustomed polished manner, bending low over Virginia's hand and holding it too long and too tight and kissing it devoutly—as a certain class of foreigners make a practice of doing.

Was it imagination, or did a meaning look flash from Emanon to the impassive governess as he brushed by her and followed Vandergriff, who was waiting impatiently, hat in hand, at the front door, so anxious to propound his bombastic utterances to an audience ready to kowtow to the great

"WE ARE ALL STRIVING FOR WORLD PEACE, AND AMERICA SHOULD BE THE

railroad king—the rich, the clever, the peace-loving Mr. Vandergriff?

And Virginia, white to the lips with anger, stood rubbing, with her lacy little handkerchief, the back of her hand, where the boldly servile, offensively gallant Mr. Emanon—all but her father's confessor—had pressed his impudent and distasteful lips.

FIRST TO LAY DOWN HER ARMS"

Chapter V.

The white-and-gold ballroom of the hotel was filled to the very walls. It was the peace meeting—a medley of fanatical women and silly-looking men, with a few curiosity seekers and earnest folk attracted by that magic word "Peace." All listened attentively while a woman, who certainly could not be called a typical American, read, in a strident voice, resolutions denouncing "the attempts made to force the country into further preparedness for war."

How pregnant with weakness the whole disgusting sentence! "Attempts made!" What a sad commentary on the condition of our national stamina when, after over a year of the most horrifying happenings in the history of the world, nothing more concrete has been accomplished than "attempts." And those endeavors are so evidently unwelcome that the result, if any and if attained at all, will have been "*forced* upon the country."

Imagine forcing a man to lock the door of his house so that robbers couldn't break in and kill him, his wife and children, and take all his valuables!

Nevertheless, this foreign-born sentiment was received with applause at the peace meeting, altho one man objected and grunted his objection audibly, only to have it drowned in a little tempest of indignant "hushes."

At this disquieting juncture Mr. Vandergriff and his shadow Emanon entered. They were escorted to the platform by a beady-eyed individual, who proceeded to advise his audience that: "Disarmament, dear friends, is the only sure road to an all-pervading peace. We must show our good intentions by disbanding our Army and disarming our Navy."

The little man who grunted previously now threatened to upset the atmosphere of "all-pervading peace" by getting up and shouting, "Yes, disarm and invite the invasion of our country—the violation of our homes!"

Mr. Emanon, with a deprecating shake of his handsome head, and a smooth smile on his hawk-like features —strange anomaly that a face cast in such warlike mould should belong to a disciple of humility—arose and, looking sorrowfully at the little disturber, said, in excellent English, but with a slight foreign accent:

"Friends, we are all striving for world peace, and America should be the first to set the good example and lay down her arms."

There was much more in this strain and great applause from the majority. The little man snapped out something which caused the women in his immediate vicinity to say "He ought to be ashamed of himself."

Now came the sensation of the evening—the address by the Honorable T. Septimus Vandergriff, president of the North American Railroad, president of the Peace-At-Any-Price Society, president of so many organizations for the promulgation of loving-kindness and compassion that he actually exuded an atmosphere of meekness which made one long to slap him on one fat cheek in the hope of getting a whack at the other.

T. Septimus cleared his throat, the audience settled back expectantly—except the little man, who made another audible remark—and then, with bombastic gesture, the speaker of the evening launched forth in a flight of oratorical pyrotechnics.

Such gems as "We should appeal to the higher attributes of humanity to unmask this menace to our civilization," and "Our sons can serve their country better with the pen than with the sword," fell from the great man's lips like liquid pearls.

He was quite in earnest; the perspiration stood on his brow and rolled down his heavy neck; the tears stood in his eyes ready to fall at the precise psychological moment, and he was enjoying himself to the uttermost.

"Let us," he cried, "hereby solemnly band ourselves together to demand that war should be abolished!"

The little man jumped up and yelled, "I notice you say *should* be abolished, not *shall* be abolished."

Having a very loud and very strong voice, the little man got some supporters on his side. They jumped up and agreed with him. The women almost came to blows. Shameful actions at a peace meeting!

Mr. Vandergriff looked very sad and felt inwardly very warlike, but he did not show it. 'Twould be like taking a swig from a pocket-flask at a prohibition meeting.

But these interruptions were annoying, just as one was working up to the dramatic climax of a masterly peroration, so he sighed heavily and continued, "Brothers and sisters—for we *are* all brothers and sisters, are we not?"—this with a saccharine smile at the little man—"war is hell!—one of our greatest generals said so."

The militant disturber objected strenuously to being called a brother or sister. He was up again and mentioned something about "hell." Those around him tried to pull him down. His two women friends resented this and backed him up. He pushed thru to the platform, mounted it and shook his finger belligerently in the faces of the audience.

"You women pacifists make me sick," he shouted, "and the men make me sicker! You are bemoaning the fate of the women and children of Europe and actually inviting the same fate to fall on yourself and your children!"

There came a roar of anger from below him, and the audience rushed at him and at each other. Hats were pulled off and hair pulled down and some pulled out.

Poor Mr. Vandergriff, choking with indignant protest, got hit in the eye with a book, and a heavy leather cushion put the beady-eyed one on his back quite *hors de combat*.

Alas, poor dove of peace! Alas, poor General Humility! The Hon. Septimus did not turn the other eye for another book, but escaped from the melée as rapidly and gracefully as possible and rushed to the telephone booth, in the entrance hall, from whence he called police headquarters.

The desk-sergeant, with an Irishman's appreciation of a good joke, listened gravely at the other end, and, with his tongue in his cheek and a chuckle in his voice, hung up the receiver.

"Officer Rafferty," said he, "send the patrol wagon around to Harmony Hall—there's a riot in the peace meetin'."

The Vandergriff drawing-room presented a pleasantly peaceful appear-

ance, with Virginia sitting at the piano softly playing snatches of Chopin and merry, twinkling little bits of Nevin and Chaminade, the light from the silk-shaded lamp turning her white neck and arms to rose-tinted ivory. A wonderful picture they made, she and John—a picture that Howard Chandler Christy would have voted a perfect composition, and, had he been there, would no doubt have lost no time in immortalizing by means of his facile brush. Certainly no finer types of young American womanhood and manhood could he have found.

Peace radiated from Mrs. Vandergriff in the shape of a gentle, well-bred snore, as she dozed quietly in her chair. Young Vandergriff, with his back obviously turned to the young couple at the piano, was immersed in a magazine. He was very considerate, always coughing loudly before entering a room wherein John and Virginia might be found.

But what is this jarring note that jangles so inharmoniously with the appropriate atmosphere of peace in the great peace advocate's home? What is this sorry sight that causes Virginia's fingers to cease their twinkling, John's eyes to widen, and young Van to shake his mother out of her comfortable little snooze?

In the doorway slowly appeared a ludicrous figure—hair tousled, eye blackened, collar awry and countenance covered with abject woe and court-plaster in about equal proportions.

ALAS FOR THE WHITE-WINGED DOVE OF PEACE!

Alas for the pompous domestic ascendancy of T. Septimus Vandergriff! Alas for the white-winged dove of peace of which he so proudly preached! The balloon of pomposity is deflated, and the dove's plumage is soiled and ruffled, for hark to the shriek of ribald laughter from young Van as he roars, between gasps of unholy merriment: "Look at father—he's back from a peace conference!"

Chapter VI.

A buzz of voices, low-pitched, guttural. A cluster of heads thrown into Rembrandt relief under the strong light of a hanging lamp. A table surrounded by men—secretive, crafty-looking, overflowing with a tense eagerness which seemed to fill the dark-paneled room with a feeling of vibrant, suppressed enthusiasm.

The buzz ceased suddenly. An electric bulb over the door flashed on and off four times. A young man crossed the room noiselessly, and, opening a small grating in the door, peered cautiously thru. How careful they all were—how secretive; it must be some secret society—perhaps anarchists.

The door opened, and a familiar face peered in—our old friend, Mr. Emanon, direct from the peace meeting. Accompanying him was another whom we have seen before—the beady-eyed gentleman who talked about "disbanding our Army and disarming our Navy." And here they were, after that rather strenuous wind-up at Harmony Hall, ready to take part in another meeting—a strangely different one. Little do we know how really busy they were—how tireless and with what hidden but tremendous energy these gentlemen were capable of working for that splendid "cause."

"Our agents in Washington," announced Mr. Emanon, "have been doing fine lobbying! Fine work! All Army and Navy appropriations cut down to almost nothing!"

The others listened with avid interest and a deep respect. How surprising to learn that these advocates of peace were going so far as to use influence at Washington to prevent a further spending of our good money for such foolish things as guns, shells and battleships!

Mr. Emanon raised his glass in a toast: "To the American Navy!" A strange toast that for an advocate of disarmament; but wait—he has not finished: "To the American Navy that might have been—but isn't!"

They were jolly fellows, for they laughed long at this and nodded to each other in silent glee. There must be a joke in it somewhere.

Again the glass was raised—this time there was no laugh, but a look of fire in each eye as the next toast was hissed out thru set teeth:

"When the time comes!" And "When the time comes!" was growled back in unison.

The incandescent bulb over the door was flashing again. Once more the grating was drawn, words were whispered, and lo and behold! some one else we know—the impassive governess of the Vandergriff household entered.

Evidently, women as well as men belonged to this secret society. Little did we know how many of our employees, our business associates, even our personal friends, belonged to this very peculiar, very exclusive, very secret society.

The governess quietly took a seat and as quietly whispered something to Emanon, who smiled his inscrutable smile in reply.

What was that snapping and crackling sound? The young man who opened the door now opened another—not exactly a door, just one of the long panels in the wall which slid up out of sight, revealing the cause of the peculiar sound.

A wireless outfit! As it flashed and snapped, the young man slipped the phones over his ears and wrote down its message.

The men at the table leaned forward intently. The message was brought to Mr. Emanon. The bit of paper contained but a meaningless jumble of letters until he produced a little book, and, as he wrote another letter under each of the jumbled ones, we suddenly *knew!*

It is a cipher, and we strain our ears and eyes, just as the men around the table were straining their ears and eyes until it was completed.

Just five little words, simple and commonplace, yet fraught with such sinister portent, such damnable intent as perhaps no others sent by the electric spark ever hurled thru space.

The message, when deciphered, said: "Be ready! Within the month!"

With great but restrained jubilation, the men passed the paper from hand to hand, then back to Mr. Emanon, who carefully burned it, crushing the ashes to powder. The great moment had come! All arose with a quick, fierce intake of the breath, and every man repeated after the leader: "Within the month."

Meanwhile, the gay life of America's great metropolis continued to hold a thoughtless people in its thrall; more and more numerous swelled the press of automobiles on Fifth Avenue in the late afternoon; denser became the crowds pouring into the subways and packing the surface cars and elevated roads; children by hundreds of thousands went to school, swarmed in the streets, played in the parks.

At night the myriad lights of the Great White Way flashed and glowed and sparkled like countless living jewels; while men and women worked all day, and, until dawn, sat and danced and ate in hot, reeking, ill-ventilated cabarets and all-night restaurants.

The people were all dance-mad, money-mad, amusement-mad, and, in all this seething babel of modernity, few stopped to give a thought to the morrow; few realized the grim terror which, like some gigantic beast of prey, was crouching, ready to spring, licking its hungry chops and glaring with baleful, red eyes at its helpless, unsuspecting victim.

Few gave more than a passing thought to the disquieting rumors appearing from time to time.

"Relations between the United States and Ruritania have been strained for several months and matters are approaching a crisis," merely meant a bit of alarmist newspaper talk.

They smiled in a superior way and dismissed, with a shrug, the intelligence that "The Ruritania Government will probably dispatch an ultimatum of such a character that the United States cannot accept it."

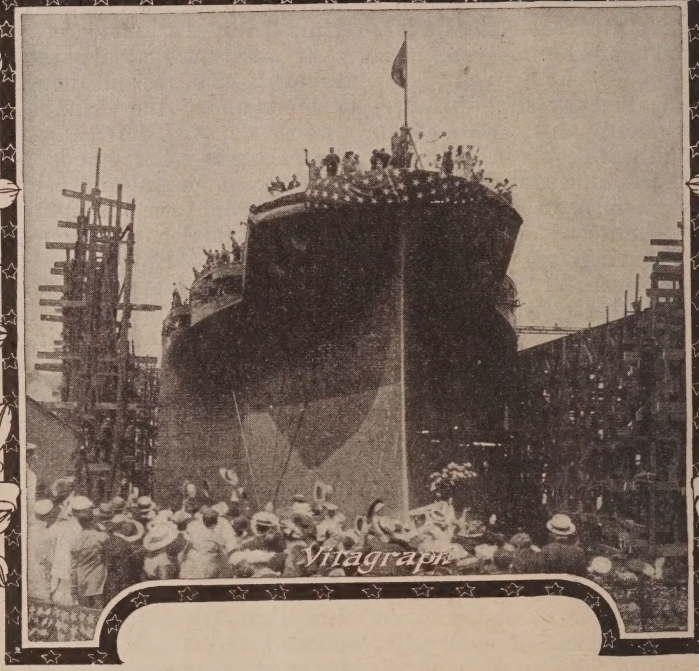
It was true that a painfully small minority of brave and thoughtful men chafed under the criminal lack of proper national defenses and prayed that those in whose hands the destiny of their wonderful and beloved country lay might see the light.

John Harrison was one of these, and at the Army and Navy Club, where he had many friends, he would ask angrily: "When such ominous warnings are in the air, why, in heaven's name, is our fleet not assembled?"

And the Army and Navy men, with bitterness in their hearts and a smile on their lips, would say: "The peace-at-any-price advocates insist that to make such a move at this time would precipitate war. We are helpless—our hands are tied."

But the great majority—the careless, thoughtless, selfish public—sang, danced, ate, drank and made merry; married, propagated, made money, and died, hiding under a protecting mantle of smug complacency, a misguided confidence in their ability to accomplish in a day, when needed, the work that really means years of rigid training and tireless preparation—utterly regardless of the fact, horrible in its possibilities, that the noblest sky-line in the world stood a shining and helpless target for the guns of a hostile fleet!

The BATTLE-CRY of PEACE



CHAPTER VII.

OF the few men alive to the crying needs of the moment, John Harrison was indeed one fully awakened, and also keenly aware of the difficulty of accomplishing anything practical in the face of that overweening self-confidence which has been the downfall of so many individuals and nations alike.

Even in his own home, was not his mother, with the aching wound of her husband's loss still fresh and unhealed in her heart, strongly opposed to his every suggestion that he and Charlie should, as sons of a soldier-father, be doing something more for their country than merely qualifying as desirable citizens? And the family with which he would soon be linked in marriage—was not the same blind, unreasoning opposition to be found there?

Virginia often joked and rallied him on his seriousness, but the force and logic of his arguments with her father were having their effect upon her own receptive mind, and frequently Mr. Vandergriff would find his own son and daughter, as well as John, arrayed against him, and the common-sense of their views sometimes made him ashamed in his own heart of the stilted, hide-bound, conventional phrases with which he supported his pacific platform.

Sometimes John attacked him

with unanswerable questions, and he squirmed like a badly coached witness on the stand.

"Mr. Vandergriff," John said at a family gathering one night, "you pay big premiums to insure yourself, your railroads and your vast properties against fire, accident and theft. Why should not you and the other rich men of the country, as a purely business proposition, insure your properties against *war?*

"A bond issue of half a billion dollars, subscribed by American millionaires, would give us a Navy that would make the American flag respected in the uttermost parts of the earth, and that would safeguard American lives and preserve the sanctity of American homes from ruin and destruction such as has been visited on Europe."

Mr. Vandergriff acknowledged the soundness of John's argument. Difficult, indeed, to controvert were such statements of fact, especially when directed toward the two subjects of greatest appeal to the railroad magnate, his money and his family.

But invariably, when he felt himself weakening, when he found the ground of his convictions giving way under the onslaught of combined logic and persuasion, his natural obstinacy, or the opportune presence of Mr. Emanon, who had taken to dropping in with great frequency of late and gazing under his heavy lids with a covetous and lustful leer at Virginia, would turn the tide in favor of his "Peace-at-any-price" policy, and he would waddle off with Emanon to another of their endless meetings, leaving John gritting his teeth, shaking his head and murmuring, "None so blind as those who will not see."

And even Virginia's sweet, winning companionship, and young Van's pretended confusion when he found he was a very *de trop* third party and rose with a military "Company attention! Right about face! Hep—hep—hep—company march!" saluted and strode out, could not dispel the gloom from John's brow. At such times he would take Virginia in his arms, press her head to his breast and look out with a level, troubled, questioning gaze, as if seeking what the future held in store for them. But even her sweet, close presence, her glorious, confiding love could not lift the heaviness from his heart.

How kind, how wise the Creator when, with all the blessings of memory and knowledge with which human beings were endowed, He, in His infinite wisdom, withheld from them the power to pierce the mystery of the future, to solve the question of even tomorrow! How merciful that big, generous, tender-hearted John, no matter how strong his forebodings, could not *know* the abyss of terror which yawned at the feet of those he loved best in all the world!

Chapter VIII.

The days hurtled forward—days of sleepy Congressional sessions, money-grubbing and pleasure-chasing. The war-clouds gathered. With a solemn, silent majesty, they piled up on the political horizon, and no one read the fury of the storm embowled in the soft mist. Ever—always ever—in the diplomatic correspondence between the two countries, the politely couched words—the "kiss of Judas" with a knife-thrust held in readiness.

At the Old Guard Club and in the armories, the National Guard talked loudly of its preparedness. They may have seen the stalking phantom of the "Spirit of '76" and the long, blue lines of '61, but the grim necessities, the terrible realities—the iron war Frankenstein of 1916—were sadly beyond their ken.

One day followed the next, each with its budget of significant news for those who could read between the lines.

With a heavy and foreshadowing breast, John Harrison noted the rush orders for steel, copper and powder that were loading in the harbor bound for Europe. "They know not what they do," he groaned aloud; "our money-mad people are fashioning their own means of execution."

At last, when too late, the newspapers began to sound warnings. The

Government, awakening from its sleep of fond security, began to muster its weaponry. The evening paper that John read came out with this accusing "scare-head" on its front page:

War May Be Declared at Any Moment!

Our fleet is divided. One division of four battleships is in the harbor of San Francisco. Two divisions are at Colon. The remaining division is overhauling at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. All are undermanned and short of ammunition.

The distinguished-looking reader folded his paper and smiled. Smiles have been analyzed and classified. His was the smile of prescience and of scorn.

On the day the great dam burst in the valley of peaceful Johnstown, a horseback-rider leaped on his steed and, riding furiously, carried the message of death to the city below. His deed was heroic. He raced neck-and-neck with the devouring waters—but

YOUNG VANDERGRIFF AND HIS MOTHER ARE GREAT PALS

it availed nothing. The city was swept from its foundations, to add to the world's great catastrophes.

The warning rider of Johnstown was too late.

On the following morning, in the thick of the traffic toward downtown offices, an army of newsboys scurried from the newspaper buildings on Park Row, each with a bundle of "extras" under his arm.

How our pulses thrill to the shrill call! How they always will thrill!

Mr. Emanon, bland, self-contained, purchased his paper and read the startling news:

Ultimatum Received! War Inevitable!

Work on battleships at Brooklyn Navy Yard ordered rushed as fast as possible. Battleship divisions at Colon start north to join all available naval forces at Hampton Roads.

That afternoon the great Peace Convention, inspired by T. Septimus Vandergriff, held sway in the grand ballroom of the Hotel America.

"My friends," he said, arising and beaming upon the vast assembly, "this tremendous gathering here before me today fills my heart with joy, fills my soul with the satisfied conviction that, in other great cities, other great gatherings will raise their voices in the National Hymn of Peace, and

soon we shall be standing hand in hand, united as ever, but offering to the world the sublime spectacle of a nation too big, too intelligent, too civilized, too humane to engage in bestial, degrading war—too careful and jealous of its wealth to waste any part of it for the manufacture of death-dealing weapons or the maintenance of a hireling body of men to use them."

The Honorable T. Septimus Vandergriff thought this was perhaps the neatest little bit of oratory he had ever turned loose, and he sat down amid a tumult of prolonged applause that was sweet music to his ears.

Pleasant visions of the Nobel Peace Prize—of himself standing, laurel-crowned, in a great stadium, surrounded by tens of thousands of admiring worshipers—floated before his imaginative mind's eye.

He felt that he was doing a great work for the human race, and that he had fashioned, welded, sunk us Americans in a sure-enough world brotherhood. Mr. Emanon was speaking now, and as he looked over the vast assemblage, most of whom were in favor of disarmament, who would be sure to use their influence to prevent any further appropriations for a better Army and Navy, he, too, felt as if he were doing an inspired work for *his* race. No dreaming here—any day now that enigmatical wireless message might blossom out into diabolical fruition, and "When the time came," those he served would find how well he and his brothers had done their work. The Bible tells us, "They also serve who only stand and wait." He had done much more.

A smudge of smoke on the horizon, no larger than a man's hand. The lookout at Fort Hancock at first thought it was a storm-cloud; then, later, as he watched curiously thru his glasses, he realized it was the smoke from a number of vessels. Probably the fleet was gathering for some unexpected, secret maneuvers. About this time every year they got busy and did some real training.

In the grand ballroom of the Hotel America the women were selling peace flags and cunning little rosettes of white ribbon with a tiny dove nestling in the center. The Great Peace Carnival was in full swing. Mrs. Vandergriff and her daughter were in the front row, and Virginia, bored with the whole affair, was casting frequent glances toward the rear, for John had promised to be there.

The lookout at Fort Hamilton was sorely puzzled. The cloud on the horizon had now grown larger, much bigger than the hands of a hundred, yes, a thousand men. It hung low and threatening, seeming to shroud the oncoming vessels in an ominous black pall. He shivered without knowing why, then hoisted the signal that warned of approaching ships.

A ripple of polite applause as another speaker finished, then a woman advanced to the edge of the platform and gestured for silence.

"Friends," she said, "let us all rise and join in the peace song, 'I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.' "

The rustle of silk and the shuffle of feet were merged into the crash of brass as the band took up the refrain, and several thousand voices joined in a song the bitter irony of which they were to feel only too soon.

A bronzed soldier dashed into the wireless room and gasped a few hurried words. The operator turned white, then feverishly sent off the message that was to galvanize into action the whole United States, just as the garrison at the fort had sprung into instant activity at the same news.

A double line of battle-cruisers and super-dreadnoughts, followed by destroyers convoying a vast fleet of huge ocean liners, transports and supply ships!

This is truly a secret maneuver, but the ships are not our ships; they are the navy of a powerful and much-dreaded foe.

The lookout, with glasses glued to his eyes, knew now that, altho no war

had been declared, no treaties broken, no outrage committed calling for international reprisals, still knew that the "Time had come"—the day that every man in the service predicted would come, and that the cloud on the horizon was a war-cloud and the ships were the fleet of an enemy.

TWO IS COMPANY

THREE IS A CROWD

A heavy, drumming noise came from the heavens. He looked up, and, flying along as easily as a flock of geese going south for the winter, he saw a squadron of hydro-aeroplanes skimming thru the blue sky towards the city beyond.

The song was finished, and, as the applause broke out, Mr. Vandergriff stepped toward the table in the center of the platform and made ready to spring the masterly *chef-d'œuvre* that was going to put the finishing touch of genius to the great celebration.

On the table reposed a beautiful floral basket covered with roses and lilies. With a triumphant smile, the great pacifist held up one fat hand; a procession of pretty little girls in white advanced up the center aisle and formed in front of the platform. He impressively raised the flower-covered lid, disclosing on its inside a cunning hidden contrivance which blazoned forth in electric-lighted letters the magic word *"PEACE!"*

There was a moment of breathless expectation; then from within the basket fluttered forth a flock of snow-white doves, each one bearing a streamer of white silk ribbon!

What pleasant excitement! How apropos! How much nicer than thoughts of killing people and getting killed——

A sudden interruption! Heads were turned, necks were craned toward the main entrance.

A big, broad-shouldered, hatless young man dashed into the ballroom,

pushed his way thru the crowd and mounted the platform.

It was John Harrison!

Turning on the crowd like an avenging spirit, and including the pacifist leaders on the rostrum with a sweeping gesture, he hurled an accusing, dreadful sentence at them. "While you here are ranting about *peace*," he trumpeted, "the enemy is at our doors—the invasion of America has begun! Listen!"

The hum of voices was hushed. With strained, scared faces the crowd listened and waited. As if in answer to his admonition, there was heard a sound like the roll of distant thunder, followed by a sudden, paralyzing crash, such as accompanies a bolt of lightning when the storm breaks right overhead.

In the street close by a terrific explosion took place. The windows of the grand ballroom were blown violently inward, shattering into a thousand tinkling pieces. Part of the beautiful frescoed ceiling fell in a cloud of dust, and a yellow, stifling, acrid smoke rolled into the room and curled around them.

There was a moment of awful silence; then pandemonium broke loose, and the crowd, wild with terror, stampeded.

John, fighting his way thru the struggling, panic-stricken mob, managed to reach Virginia's side. Mr. Vandergriff, absolutely bewildered and shocked, found himself being guided toward the exit by his wife, and on the now deserted platform stood our dear friend Emanon, watching, with a mocking, evil smile, the hysterical, terror-stricken audience in its mad rush for the street.

His eye lit upon the floral basket, then traveled downward to what he held in his hand—a small, silk American flag, one of the pretty souvenirs of the occasion.

His eyes narrowed, his smile became more fixed as his strong, nervous hands slowly snapped the stick, tore the silk Stars and Stripes viciously into shreds, and then cast the emblem of the land of the free and the home of the brave into the yawning mouth of the empty Basket of Peace.

There was no further chance for dramatic expression of contempt. Mr. Emanon thereupon procured his hat and stick and hurried away thru a rear door, for he had work to do.

Chapter IX.

Outside in the street a frenzied mob rushed hither and thither, some aimlessly fleeing, they knew not where, nor why. Others were tearing madly thru the crowd with one definite, fearful destination in view—their homes.

The people from the Peace Carnival, augmented by hundreds of other guests and employees of the hotel, were pouring out of the entrance. John, Virginia, her mother and Mr. Vandergriff, the latter a figure of abject terror, were carried out on the surging human tide.

The big family car of the Vandergriffs luckily was standing at the curb, and John, who lived further downtown, helped them in and saw them start away. The sickness of a strong man was upon him. He was loath to part with Virginia, but torn with anxiety for the safety of his mother and Alice.

In an agony of indecision he watched the white face of the girl he loved disappear in a wreath of smoke that rolled from a burning building and curtained the tragic street.

What grim, unconscious irony in that first shot, without warning, without mercy, a bolt from the blue! A stern reprimand to those weaklings whose propaganda, aided by the thoughtlessness of a people too wrapped up in the business of pleasure, and the pleasure of business, to think of their country's need, had now placed them in a position where, with hands tied, they must helplessly look on while their dearest possessions, the wealth they had piled up by years of industry—and more precious than all these, their very lives and the lives of their loved ones—lay exposed to the mercy of a savage foe in whose

category the word mercy had neither meaning nor place.

To John, as he dashed thru the streets filled with wild-eyed, helpless mobs, they seemed too unreal to be anything more than the creatures of a hideous dream.

But that distant roll like thunder, punctuated by deafening crashes close at hand—the shrieks of horror and despair, that began to resound on all sides—told only too truly that the time for dreaming was over and that Pitiless Reality stared the people of America in the face.

Human beings, five minutes ago happily unconscious of danger, now madly rushed to and fro like hunted animals—many wounded and torn, some lying very quiet, others moaning inarticulately.

John staggered on, with terror tightening his throat—not terror for himself, but a sickening fear of what he might find when he reached his home.

Miles out beyond Sandy Hook, the air was shattered moment by moment by tremendous detonations, as the seventeen-inch guns of the enemy's dreadnoughts, their huge muzzles lifted to the angle designated by signals from the aeroplane squadron circling like birds of prey about New York harbor, vomited forth ponderous shells weighing nearly a ton and traveling toward the city at a velocity of three times the speed of sound.

THE NURSE SHOWS A STRANGE RESPECT FOR EMANON

Their journey of twenty miles thru the air was accomplished, and the devastation of their terrific impact wrought, seconds before the heavy report of the gun which fired them was heard by the victims of the attack.

At Fort Hancock the disappearing-guns were raised, elevated and fired, but the range-finder had already told the sad story. The artillery officers knew that their shells couldn't reach the foe. Their guns were not only of lighter caliber and power than the enemy's, but they also lacked the

necessary range of elevation, a situation of which Army experts had been cognizant for a long time.

A slight alteration in the gun-carriages and elevating mechanism would have added miles to the effective range, but even this comparatively easy and inexpensive alteration advised by experts was deemed "an unnecessary and inadvisable expense in time of peace."

And so, comfortably out of range, safe as if at target practice, the invader's ponderous machines of destruction had reduced the fortifications of New York to débris in pitifully short order and were now raining fire and death on the city itself. It was a salutary demonstration that any show of defense was worse than useless.

John, still running, panting, half-blinded by the swirl of sulphurous smoke that poured from an apartment house just bursting into flames, stumbled over something on the pavement.

Pass on! Waste no time here! It was only a little child, somebody's golden-haired daughter, past your, or any other human, aid; horribly mangled, her white dress blackened by fire, and crimson with innocent, baby blood.

That horrible shape, writhing thru the choking flames, crawling painfully toward her and dragging his useless legs after him, was her father.

The air was full of sparks and the smell of burning débris. John was drawing near to his own home and, with agonized fear written on his face, turned the corner and looked upon the place he had called home ever since he was old enough to remember—the abode of loving-kindness—the roof that had sheltered and protected him. Now, alas! shattered and torn.

Half the upper story had disappeared, smoke was curling up thru the ruins, and tongues of flame were beginning to lick up the wreckage.

He stood bolt still, swaying for a brief, terrible instant, then started unsteadily forward and stumblingly climbed up the débris-littered steps that he had mounted so many, many times.

Chapter X.

As John groped his way along the hall, the cacophony of discordant sound thru which he had been rushing seemed to have suddenly died down. There was an awful stillness, in which the thumping of his heart sounded like the beat of drums.

He leaned against the wall near the sitting-room door. Oh, ghastly silence! But of course! Why not? Charlie had been here before him and taken them both away.

Away where? Where could they go to escape the shrieking, crashing terror of the shells? They *must* have gone away or he would hear them—and all is quiet!

No! What was that? Some one moaning?

Ah! thank God! thank God! it is only little Toto, Alice's little, woolly, white dog. Poor fellow, they must have hurried away and left him behind.

John's hand was on the knob—the door was hard to open; there was something heavy against it. Toto heard him and was whimpering piteously. He could stand it no longer. A sudden, frenzied fear gripped his heart, and, with the strength of a madman, he burst open the door and entered.

In one wall of the familiar room was a great, ragged, gaping hole, thru which he could see the house next door. Smoke was curling in queer little spirals thru the opening.

His mother and Alice? Yes, they had gone away, but Charlie had not taken them.

John did not even think of Charlie now. He could think of nothing, nobody but that sweet, gray-haired mother.

She was lying in the middle of the wreckage-strewn room, and near her, with her fair young face ground into the dust and one arm thrown over her head, lay Alice. Little Toto was pathetically licking her hand and

whining softly, and Dick, the canary, was hopping about in his cage, chirping excitedly.

Yes, he knew this was to be—he had felt it like a leaden weight on his heart as he ran thru the inferno outside—and now it had come!

Numb with dazed horror, he staggered across the room, reeled to that still figure, and, kneeling beside it with stiff, dumb lips that could frame

father's portrait, hanging askew on the opposite side; then to that heart-rending, huddled little figure, the face hidden by a mass of dark curls, one soft, round arm stretched above the head as tho trying to shield the delicate countenance from the scorching blast of death—his little sister, sweet Alice, dear, sunny, lovable little Sis.

Only this morning he had seen the light of life and love dancing in her

SHE WAS LYING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM NEAR ALICE

no word of grief, he gazed in deathly silence around the familiar room—the "living-room," she always called it—and, as his eyes wandered in mute grief from his mother's inert form to the little, white dog sitting huddled close to its gentle mistress, and then to Dick, the canary, swinging on his perch, he could almost have laughed at the strange anomaly that these two useless, fragile creatures should be the only living things in this room of death.

Back again the stunned eyes traveled from the torn hole in the wall to his

bright eyes, had pressed her warm hands and kist her smooth cheek.

What would Charlie say? "Little Brother" she had called him ever since she was three years old, when it was "Buddy" at first, and then "Little Brother" as she grew older, and he had always been "Little Brother" to her, even when he grew to be bigger than she.

What was it mother had said when he had left that morning—something she wanted him to remember? Funny he couldn't call it to mind—he——

Footsteps in the hall, hurried, un-

steady—the panting, gasping breath of one who was spent with running, whose throat was dry with exhaustion and fear.

Charlie, breathless and disheveled, rushed in thru the open door and came to a sudden stop, frozen with horror at the piteous sight.

Only for a moment—the next he had Alice in his arms, her head tenderly nestled against his breast, frantically calling to her, "Alice! Alice! Little sister!"

Aye! call louder, Little Brother, call as loudly as the roaring of the guns, yet she raised and encircled her, the loving hands of her youngest son were pressing and caressing hers.

Very tenderly they wiped the dust and blood from her forehead and lips. The dark eyes opened, turned from one to the other; the white lips moved. John bent close and caught the whispered question: "Alice?"

The mother-eyes read the answer in the brothers' faces. No need to question further—little Alice was quite safe from harm.

The mother-lips moved again and framed the words, "Kiss me, my sons."

THE STRONG ARMS OF HER FIRST-BORN RAISED AND ENCIRCLED HER

will not hear you. All the brother-love in your heart will not rouse the answering throb in hers—the innocent heart is still—she is dead.

Oh, heartless brother! How could you sit there so quietly? Brother's eyes met brother's; then John's dull gaze shifted to the form beside him. Alice was slipping from Charlie's nerveless arms; his eyes followed John's look. His voice — choked, hoarse, terrible to hear—cried in agony the one word, "Mother!"

Miracle of mother-love, the mother-heart heard the cry. There was a faint movement of the gray head, the eyelids fluttered, and in an instant the strong arms of her first-born had

Ah! how many times have they given that same, sweet command—how many times in health, happiness and joy those sons have kist that wrinkled brow and stroked that silver hair! And now, with bitter, scalding tears falling from Charlie's eyes, and with an unspeakable agony in John's breast, the last farewell kiss was given.

Again those loving eyes, now fast glazing in death, looked unutterable love; again the pale lips murmured in John's ear: "Look out for Buddy, John."

Then the mother-eyes closed; she smiled faintly and slept—the sleep that knoweth no waking.

To Charlie tears were mercifully given as he flung himself in an abandon of grief on his mother's breast and kist again and again the cold lips.

But to John, holding in his arms the dead body of that mother who bore him, came nothing to assuage the pangs of a silent, stony grief, too deep for human utterance.

Chapter XI.

In front of the newspaper offices uptown crowds of sullen, defiant men stood spellbound, watching the fateful bulletins being posted up:

Fort Hancock at Sandy Hook entirely destroyed. Enemy's submarines coming up the East River—are known to have sunk three American dreadnoughts as they were steaming out of the Navy Yard.

Wild-eyed and hysterical women clutched their little children to their breasts, and strong men called on God to help them—a little too late for that appeal now!

Fresh bulletins were posted:

All our available naval forces from Hampton Roads have put to sea and are rapidly approaching New York. The fleet consists of—

12 Battleships from active fleet.
6 Battleships from reserve fleet, imperfectly equipped and with partial crews.
20 Destroyers.
8 Submarines.

The following fleet of the enemy has been sighted steaming south to engage the U. S. fleet:

24 Battleships.
6 Battle-cruisers.
12 Scout-cruisers.
30 Destroyers.
10 Sea-going submarines.
20 Hydro-aeroplanes.

The greatest fears are felt concerning the result of the naval engagement now imminent. Our fleet is outnumbered and possesses no battle-cruisers, no swift scout-cruisers, nor aeroplanes for reconnoitering.

A great moan, the cry of futile discernment, went up from the crowd. It was like some wounded animal brooding over its injuries. And in the intervals between the announcements the distant boom of the invader's great guns held the watchers in the thrall of fascinated silence.

The pelt of pitiless bulletins continued:

Shells are devastating buildings in the downtown district. The Municipal Building is destroyed. Entire blocks are burning—the loss of life is fearful—thousands of men, women and children are dead and wounded.

The people of Greater New York are warned to leave the city immediately and go inland, out of range of the enemy's guns——

A savage roar from the crowd as it eagerly spelled out the first part of the bulletin was followed by a blind, unreasoning panic as the significance of the warning dawned upon their dulled wits: "Go inland out of range of the enemy's guns——" Away from the shrieking, blasting shells, the horror of sudden death coming out of the sky, without mercy, without warning.

As if to emphasize the necessity of flight, a deafening explosion, followed by a pandemonium of shrieks and groans, impinged on the ears of the horrified multitude.

The warships were moving up the bay, nearer to the city, and shells were beginning to fall further uptown.

In Longacre Square, Herald Square and other populous centers scenes of unbelievable devastation were wrought in the twinkling of an eye. A massive office building was seen in all its apparently solid reality; the next instant, with a roar like the crack of doom, it was disemboweled, torn asunder and collapsed in a burst of vitriolic flame and hellish smoke.

Death and destruction stalked forth unhindered, and panic and terror held sway over the doomed city. The streets were congested with a mass of fleeing humanity—on foot, on horseback, bicycles, motorcycles, wagons, automobiles, every conceivable mode of locomotion.

Here a laborer with all his worldly possessions on a wheelbarrow, his wife and children clinging closely to him, pushed his way thru the dense mass side by side with a splendid limousine and a coal-wagon, loaded now not with

coal, but with human beings fleeing for their lives; all of them—rich, poor, strong, weak, young, old, craven or brave—all with one wild, feverish desire to get away from the horror of the Invisible Death.

Lower Broadway and City Hall Park saw scenes too frightful to be described. Tremendous explosions tore great holes in the streets, hurling fragments of human beings, huge stones and twisted ironwork high in the air, to fall and kill, blocks distant, other unfortunates in the packed streets.

The entrances to the subways were choked with fear-crazed people, fighting their way down and meeting a more frenzied crowd struggling to get up, for the power plant had been destroyed and no trains were running. The Grand Central and Pennsylvania terminals had been scientifically marked by the enemy's aviators and promptly destroyed as the range was found by the ships. All main arteries of travel from the city were cut off.

All over the city police did splendid work, saving thousands of lives, striving heroically to bring order out of chaos, but as well try to stem the current of Niagara as to quell and guide several millions of people gone mad with fear and horror.

And those who suffered the most cruelly were the ones who least deserved such a fate—the women and the little children.

Always in war, it is the same, whether they stay at home and hunger and suffer, or whether the war is brought to their very doors—always it is the women and children who suffer the most and pay the heaviest penalty.

In the suburbs, looking back at the city, what a sight for American eyes to behold! Surely this was not the land of the free, the land of security, of immunity from such horrible things as one had been reading about in the papers.

Overhanging the city was a smoke-filled sky, rolling and billowing, poisonous-looking and dreadful, in some places black as pitch. At times it seemed a velvet-like pall; again, a greenish yellow flecked with swirling sparks and tinged on the underside with a red glare, or suddenly flashing into ghastly relief as the flames from some new conflagration licked with angry tongues the low, rolling clouds.

Fifty miles from the city, off the low-lying Jersey coast, waves of dense smoke, like funeral pyres, scudded from sea to land. In the murky light great tongues of flame leapt from the muzzles of the guns. One towering sea-fighter was on fire, crippled and slowly making for the beach. Four had surrendered and lay silent, with their decks and turrets a shamble of wounded and dead. In the foreground, her flag flying, her band playing "America," a dreadnought was slowly sinking.

Outranged, outmaneuvered, outnumbered! With inferior ships and hopelessly lacking in submarines and fast battle-cruisers, the closing scene was being enacted for our defending fleet.

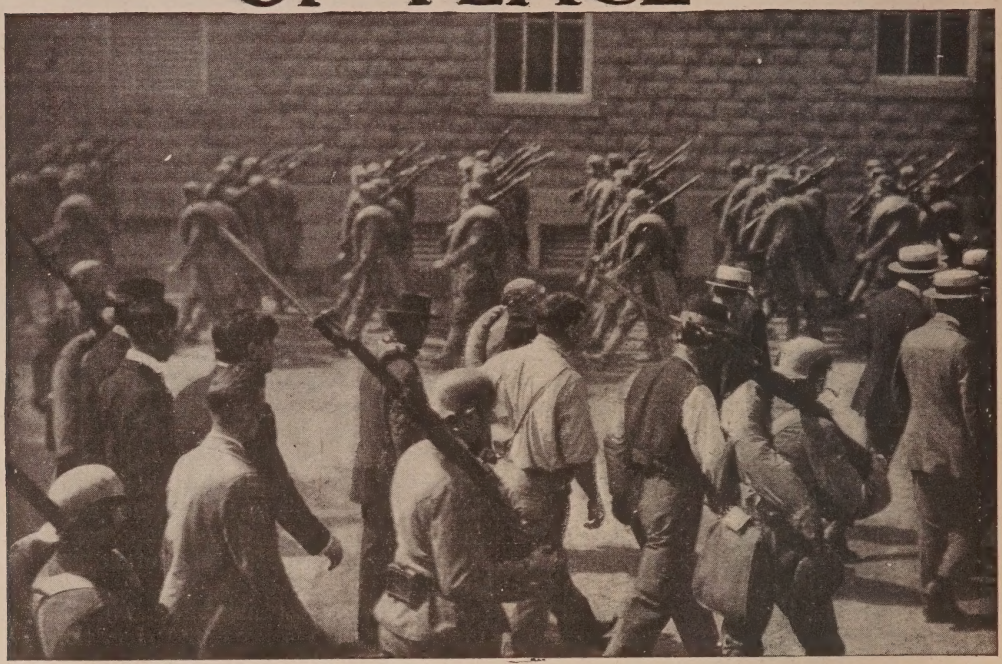
With this as a background, what a picture in the foreground for the brush of a Doré or a Verestchagin!

The people of New York—citizens, residents, prosperous millionaires, idle rich and slaving poor—all under the same stress of hysterical fear—all with but one end in view, to get away!

All under one classification now—refugees! Many homeless, helpless, penniless; some with push-carts, wagons and conveyances of every description.

Some, not so fortunate, carried on their backs children, bundles and luggage; but all, with one accord, joined in the colossal stampede—the pitiful flight that was to go down in history as a greater holocaust than the retreat from Moscow—a greater horror than the San Francisco earthquake. The most infamous crime ever perpetrated since the beginning of the world! A veritable "Massacre of the Innocents"! The Exodus from Greater New York!

The BATTLE CRY OF PEACE



Chapter XII.

In the Vandergriff home the same feverish excitement reigned as in thousands of humbler habitations. The hair that suspends the sword of Damocles is just as slight when the blade hangs over the rich as when it menaces the poor.

Little Dorothy, her face pressed against the window, or huddled in a big chair, her hands stopping her ears to shut out the fearsome noises, had been watching and waiting eagerly for her parents to return, and when they finally came she rushed to her father as her natural protector and flung herself into his arms.

Behold now the man of peace standing in the center of the room, his child, his youngest, the darling of his heart, in danger of death and worse, needing his protection, needing not politeness and diplomacy, but a strong, militant right arm to strike for her protection. He drew the child to him and placed his arms around and in front of her as if to ward off the coming danger, and became transformed, for the moment, from a meek pacifist to an enraged animal defending its young.

Preparations for a hurried departure were in evidence. The head of the house, stunned and incapable of action, stood helplessly by, feebly urging the others to hurry and holding little Dorothy tight in his arms.

Virginia, hastily cramming a few necessaries and valuables into a grip, suddenly stopped rigid as Mr. Emanon came sliding thru the doorway from the hall.

He entered hat in hand, all suavity and concern for their welfare. He would look after them, especially the ladies, and most especially beautiful Virginia.

She loathed him and did not hesi-

tate to show it. In consequence the gentleman turned his attention to her father.

The authorities, he explained glibly, realized that a peaceful attitude was the only way to save the city from utter destruction, so no show of resistance was made, and the invading troops were now landing in great numbers.

There was a distinct suggestion of gloating, of suppressed delight in Mr. Emanon's tones that caused Virginia's heart to sink and her lips to whiten. The tension was broken by the furious ringing of the street door-bell.

The old family butler, frightened out of his wits, stood helplessly trembling until peremptorily ordered by Mrs. Vandergriff to obey its summons.

Opening the door fearfully, he was mightily relieved to see John Harrison standing outside. The visitor was admitted and the door hurriedly fastened behind him.

John entered the drawing-room. He was hatless, covered with dust and grime, and on his drawn face was fixed a look that made Virginia's heart stand still, that told her some horrible thing had happened.

He advanced, looking dazedly from one to the other; then broke the silence.

"My mother! Alice!"—his voice was hoarse, unrecognizable—"both dead — killed without warning — in their own home!"

Virginia went to him and laid her head on his breast in mute and loving sympathy. What could she do or say in this, his terrible hour of grief? He looked at her stupidly, then at her mother.

Ah! here was another mother, not his, but hers — Virginia's—another who would be murdered.

He roused from his dull apathy, and slow and terrible rage took possession of him as he raised his clenched hands. "May God punish," he cried hoarsely, "the assassins who have violated every law of humanity and civilization!"

Emanon, who had kept in the background, silently advanced, with sinister gaze fastened upon John, who felt rather than saw his presence.

"Such sentiments," he said, with soft menace, "expressed in the hearing of the enemy would be rather suicidal, Mr. Harrison!"

The two men eyed each other steadily; then John, realizing the threat underlying Emanon's words, was about to denounce him, when the other man assumed a listening attitude, smiled a snaky smile and crossed swiftly to the window.

He held up his hand with a commanding gesture, and, as deathly silence reigned in the room, the measured tramp of countless feet was heard in the street outside.

Emanon smiled and beckoned for them to come and look. As if fascinated, they went toward the window. Emanon held the curtain aside and pointed triumphantly.

Along the street was passing a compact mass of men clad in dull drab uniforms, wearing small, round metal caps of the same color, with ear-flaps turned up and a metal protector or reversed visor over the neck. A strap under the chin completed the resemblance to the head-gear of a Roman legionary. A squad of motorcyclists, with carbines slung across their shoulders, and an armored automobile preceded the main body. They marched with the precision of a machine and without a sound, except the muffled tramp of thousands of feet striking the ground in unison. Wisps of smoke drifted over their heads from a near-by conflagration.

The onlookers drew away from the window, horrified. John turned on Emanon like an avenging fury. "Now I know you for what you are," he screamed—"for the spy I have always suspected you of being." He started to advance with clutching hands, when Emanon whipped out an automatic revolver, ready and willing to kill.

With a stifled, beseeching, warning cry, Virginia rushed between them and stopped John's advance.

Emanon, keeping John covered, backed away toward the window,

EMANON SMILED AND BECKONED FOR THEM TO COME AND LOOK

glanced around, swiftly took a bronze ornament from a pedestal near the window and smashed it thru one of the panes; then, drawing back behind the curtains, he pointed his revolver thru the hole, deliberately aimed, and fired two shots.

Outside, one of the marching men dropped; another reeled and was caught by a comrade.

An order to halt was instantly given. The officer in command looked up at the window, saw the smoke drifting out thru the broken pane and gave a sharp command.

A platoon fell out from the ranks and, led by the officer, started toward the door.

The officer tried the door. It was locked. He gave a sharp order, and the soldiers commenced to batter it in with their rifle-butts.

Chapter XIII.

In the drawing-room Virginia was still interposing her body between John and the spy, and struggling with all her strength to restrain her lover from the rush that would mean certain death to him, for Emanon was still covering him with the pistol and smiling his evil smile.

His diabolical ruse was accomplished with such suddenness that but a few seconds elapsed before the crash of the rifles was heard as they beat down the door.

From the library little Dorothy ran into the room, followed by her governess. The child was half-frantic with terror and rushed to the protecting arms of her mother.

The outer door gave way with a crash, heavy steps resounded in the entrance hall, and, as they all turned to face the intruders, Emanon lowered his pistol and furtively slipped it into the drawer of a little desk near at hand. He rapidly motioned to the governess. She answered him with her eyes and an almost imperceptible nod of understanding.

The officer and his men burst into

"I ACCUSE THESE MEN," SAID EMANON, AUTHORITATIVELY

the room. The soldiers ranged up along the rear wall, and their officer came forward and pointed to the window.

"Two of my men," he said, in very good English, "were shot thru that window."

Emanon stepped forward and whispered in the officer's ear. A flash of quick understanding passed between them. The spy produced a small book, opened it, and showed the inside cover. The officer saluted and stood at attention.

"I accuse these men," said Emanon, authoritatively, "of firing from ambush at our troops. I warned them of the consequences—the revolver is in that drawer."

He pointed to where, a moment before, he had placed the weapon. The officer crossed to the desk, took out the pistol and handed it to Emanon, who broke it and showed the two empty shells.

The base, malignant ingenuity of the man appalled the innocent victims of his plot—all but John, who, in fury, indignantly denied the accusation.

Mr. Vandergriff, now thoroly frightened, and realizing the gravity and danger of the situation, backed up John's statement. The duplicity of his erstwhile peaceful friend was but another of the sad awakenings of this sorry day. Mother and daughters raised their voices, too, in denial and protest.

Emanon, flashing a look at the governess, calmly continued:

"The elder man," he said, keeping his eyes fixed on Virginia, "procured the revolver, and the younger did the shooting. The governess will corroborate my statement."

He turned to the governess, who impassively confirmed his accusation. A nod to the officer, a sharp order, and eight soldiers stepped forward, four seizing John and four Mr. Vandergriff. Emanon closed the pistol and coolly slipped it back into his side-pocket. After having served its purpose, why should he lose a perfectly good revolver?

And now John and Mr. Vandergriff were being dragged out. Little Dorothy and her mother clung desperately to the elder man and pleaded

piteously for his life. Virginia, in an agony of fear and grief, rushed toward John and her father, but Emanon put his arm in front of her, insolently, with an air of "I am master here now," and barred her way.

"You are to stay here," he said, with a half-leer—"with me."

The two victims were dragged out, unresisting, knowing resistance to be useless. Virginia stood tense and rigid, watching, drinking in the last glimpse of their faces, forgetting the arm that barred her way, forgetting any thought of self, thinking only that this awful moment was farewell, that her father and the man she loved with her whole heart, soul and being were going to their deaths and she could not go with them.

Her mother and Dorothy were brutally shoved away as they made one final attempt, with their feeble, puny strength, to cling to Mr. Vandergriff. As the unfortunate man disappeared from view, he saw his wife fall into merciful unconsciousness, and his little daughter—"the flower of the family," as he fondly called her—kneeling beside her mother, her pitiful little face full of terror, the expression of a hunted animal in the large, dark eyes.

He saw, also, that which caused his brain to reel with the madness of bloody murder, the passion to kill. He saw on the face of the man he had trusted as a friend the lustful passion in the gaze he fastened upon his beautiful girl—his Virginia.

The sudden fury aroused by this last and greatest horror gave the soldiers all they could do for an instant to control their prisoner, but, by the time they reached the street, he had relapsed into a dull, hopeless apathy.

The invaders were still passing—like an endless chain winding its way on with ceaseless, clock-like regularity. There was something terribly sinister, horribly cruel and relentless about the little round caps with their strange, upturned ear-flaps and military-looking chin-straps—each one so exactly alike, suggesting a uniformity and unanimity of purpose, a vast organization in which individuals counted only as infinitesimal parts of the great, soulless mechanism.

But there came a break in this monotony of line, this ceaseless stream of submerged individualism. A body of men approached, in a hollow square of soldiers, and, as they drew nearer, John saw that they were Americans, men of all ages and conditions, non-combatants, and evidently prisoners.

As they came abreast of the Vandergriff house, John and the elder man were thrust roughly in with the other prisoners and marched off without for an instant halting the progress of the huge, drab, thousand-legged monster that was eating its way into the heart of the great city.

Chapter XIV.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

Was that the endless human river outside beating in waves of monotony as it flowed onward up the street, or was it the girl's heart thumping in her breast, her blood throbbing in her temples and her pulses beating in every part of her body?

No, it could not be the heart, for that was dead. That died when John and her father passed out of her sight; everything living seemed to die in her then, everything save furious hatred for the man who had held her wrist in a cruel grip, who held her now with brute force, but who was loosening his hold as a boa-constrictor loosens his coils for a moment until he shifts them for another grip.

Slowly he unclasped his strong, muscular hand, his eyes fixed on hers, the evil smile visible only about the corners of the cruel mouth.

Virginia, finding her wrist free, drew slightly away from him and looked around the room fearfully. Her rapid glance took in her mother lying senseless on the floor, with Dorothy crumpled up beside her, the window thru which she could hear the tramp of the passing legions—thru which she might be able to catch another last, despairing sight of those who had been taken.

She passed in front of Emanon, and he made no effort to stop her—the cat loves to play with the mouse. Crossing to the window, she looked out.

Ah! Would that she had spared herself that last view of those she loved, herded along with other unfortunates like sheep to the slaughter!

Emanon motioned with his head to the governess and indicated the little girl. The governess advanced, raised Dorothy from her mother's side, and, as the little girl involuntarily shrank from her, she seized her by the shoulder and dragged her toward the rear of the room.

Emanon held up his hand and stopped her, then stepped toward Virginia, as she stood straining her eyes out of the window, and he gently and persuasively began to lay the situation before her.

He told her, in his soft, refined voice, that he had loved her ever since the first day her father had brought him to her home. He loved her now; he wanted her, and he was going to have her. She was in his power to do with as he chose, but he wanted her of her own free will, and on that depended the fate of her mother, her little sister, and, incidentally, herself.

Virginia, who had turned from the window to him, never moved—never took her eyes from his, but a growing hatred, courage and suppressed defiance were visible in her face and bearing.

Emanon advanced slowly toward her—he had never seen her like this.

Why, she was wonderful—more beautiful and more to be desired than ever. What fire! What spirit! What radiant courage!

The greedy, bestial desire in his face sickened her, and she turned away, her face hidden from him. As he stood with hands in pockets, swaying from toes to heels, gloating over her helplessness and appraising her charms, she looked across to where little Dorothy was straining away from the grasp of the governess. Another spy, Virginia thought—the liar and perjurer, paid agent of Emanon and his government—and suddenly she realized that she alone could save her little, delicate sister—she alone could take the place of her dear, helpless mother.

Emanon was all-powerful; she must sacrifice herself. At least, she would temporize, to gain time; would use guile against him, as he used deception and cunning in his damnable plot to get rid of her natural protectors.

For a moment her eyes narrowed, and her face burned with hatred and lust for revenge; then, simulating a pleasant expression, she turned, with outstretched hands, as tho to signify her complete surrender, and, dropping them with a helpless gesture, bowed her head.

Instantly his face lighted up with passion. He motioned for the governess to take the child away, and then stepped quickly to Virginia's side and crushed her in his thick, devouring arms.

With a sudden call upon her willpower, she kept her arms rigidly at her sides, and, as he rained burning kisses on her upturned face, she only turned her head slightly, so that he kist her cheek. An awful loathing and revulsion burned in her eyes, otherwise she was calm.

As he held her savagely to him, her arm was forced against some hard substance in his side-pocket. She shifted her position slightly, and suddenly remembered.

The revolver! It was in his pocket! His first transports being over, he released her for a moment, and Virginia, gathering all her strength for the supreme effort, turned to him, head drooping, body swaying towards him, then, raising her luminous eyes, looked sweetly into his face and tremulously smiled.

Emanon, surprised and delighted, took her face in his two hands and held her thus. How beautiful she was—how sweet, how virginal!

He drew her face toward him, and, just as it reached his shoulder, she turned it away, out of range of his vision, just a little shy, girlish trick.

"She is coquetting," guessed the complimented spy.

A deadly coquetry—the deadliest he had ever known in all his wide experience with the fair sex.

Her smile changed to a look of triumph and hatred as she stealthily slipped her hand into his side-pocket and carefully, inch by inch, drew out the pistol.

She leaned back in his grasp, slipped her arm around him — she was actually embracing him!

He had not supposed he would make such a quick conquest, and yet — why not?

Her smile was changing to a snarl; the lips were drawn back, baring the teeth like some wild animal. Now she was laughing, mockingly.

"At last!" she cried. "I've got you — you *beast!*"

There was a sudden, deafening report, a puff of smoke and a smell of burning cloth. His face grew rigid, an awful caricature of a grin replacing the lover-like smirk. The eyes glazed; the lower jaw dropped. She tore his heavy arms from her and herself away from him as he reeled, then, with all her strength, smashed him full in the face with the revolver and both clenched fists. He toppled in an inert, hideous heap at her feet.

With every fibre of her body tingling with savage joy, she stood over him with ready gun. There were still two unused shells, but no need—Mr. Emanon's government had lost an efficient and faithful worker.

A momentary faintness almost overpowered her; then, quick as a flash, she ran to the entrance door and hid behind the portières. The next moment the governess rushed in, saw Emanon's body, turned and found herself covered by the girl's revolver.

Virginia sternly backed her out into the adjoining room and into a closet, where she locked her in securely, then leaned back, weakly, against the door for an instant, hid in her bosom the revolver with its two precious cartridges, and, taking a fresh grip on her nerve and courage, dashed back into the drawing-room—a fond place now filled with horrors.

VIRGINIA BACKED HER INTO AN ADJOINING ROOM

Chapter XV.

In the open courtyard of one of the big apartment buildings, just off Fifth Avenue, a number of the enemy soldiers were standing at ease.

Half-a-dozen rapid-fire guns were ranged across one side of the court, and a group of officers were watching the endless stream of troops pouring past.

Suddenly, a block away, they saw something that caused an order to be given, bringing the lounging men to attention. The squad surrounding the American prisoners approached and wheeled into the courtyard,

HE TOPPLED IN AN INERT, HIDEOUS HEAP AT HER FEET

THE SOLDIERS HAD NO RESPECT FOR WOMEN, AND MANY THE HOME THAT WAS VIOLATED

preceded and followed by two companies of infantry.

There was a little strip of grass-plot and some round flower-beds on the side opposite the machine-guns, and into this strip the captives were herded. Respectable-looking, gray-haired business men, a number of workmen, one or two policemen, a dozen mere boys of eighteen or so, and, among the varied crowd, Mr. Vandergriff and John Harrison.

Some of the younger fellows were inclined to take it as a joke, altho they laughed rather nervously. Questions were passed to and fro:

"What are they going to do with us?"

"What did you do to get pinched?"

Typical questions of a typical lot of New Yorkers not yet awake to the deadly peril of their situation.

An officer stepped forward and read to them rapidly, in fairly good English. Silence fell upon the little band, for, as yet, they did not realize they were to be made a horrible object lesson. They had forgotten Europe, forgotten the wars of the past, and did not know that they were a part of the scheme of terrorizing, part of the program of death, bloodshed and destruction, preparatory to demanding the enormous indemnity which was to be levied upon the United States. But the significance of the officer's words, tho rapidly spoken, suddenly became apparent in an uneasy movement among the prisoners, culminating in a confused babel of expostulation and angry protest.

"To be summarily executed," the officer's words droned to a conclusion, "without trial, as a warning to other non-combatants who may be found bearing arms."

John stepped forward to make a

final plea for justice and mercy; as well ask justice of the Apaches or Sioux, as well expect mercy from a tiger that has scented blood. He was savagely pushed back by the guards, the officer rattled off the remainder of the proclamation, clicked his heels together, saluted, and walked away in a brisk and businesslike manner.

John looked at Mr. Vandergriff, made a gesture of hopelessness, then straightened up and turned to his other doomed companions.

"Brothers," he said quietly, "we are doomed to martyrdom; but at least we can die like true Americans."

The soldiers were massed in a double line behind one of the machine-guns; an officer drew his sword and raised it.

John took Vandergriff's hand. They gripped hard, squared their shoulders, and turned to face the inevitable.

"Die like true Americans!"

Was it the ring and inspiration of these words; was it the strong clasp of John's hand, or something in his inner self, some of the latent courage and stubbornness of his ancestors, that transformed this man of peace into a heroic figure?

Was it, perhaps, his own sense of justice, his realization that all the time he had been wrong, his theory of peace and disarmament had been fallacious and mistaken, and that now he was paying the price, as so many others more innocent than he would also have to suffer for the criminal neglect of their country's means of defense.

And John Harrison, American, what were his thoughts?

All the care and foreboding that had rested on his brow of late were banished.

There was an instant of tragic sadness in his eyes, as he thought of his fair Virginia, and then, bigger than self, stronger than thoughts of loved ones, overwhelming all things personal, came the divine afflatus of patriotism, of love and devotion to a country for which his forefathers so freely gave their lives, and, altho it was not given to him to die fighting, altho he and his fellow-sufferers were to be ignominiously shot down like dogs, he knew that those lives were not being given in vain—knew that America would not awaken in her might until her soil had been sullied and violated by the step of an invader and stained by the blood of martyrs. A Christ-like peace and calm settled upon his countenance. Not the peace of battles ended, but the peace within the soul—the peace that passeth all understanding.

The officer dropped his sword, the gun belched forth its stream of lead, and a huddled heap of ghastly figures hid the little plot of grass and crushed the geraniums in the little, round flower-beds.

A few convulsive movements, and all were still. The one who gave the order shrugged his shoulders and gave a command to the men with the gun. They wheeled it away. Another command, and the line of soldiers right-faced and marched out. The officer turned his back on the pile of dead, lit a cigaret, joined the group of other officers, and, conversing easily, they passed out of the courtyard.

A hundred innocent lives that were fashioned to live in happiness had been blotted out. The entire operation had taken less than two minutes.

The BATTLE CRY OF PEACE

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER locking the treacherous governess in the library closet, Virginia's first thought was of her mother. In the drawing-room, Mrs. Vandergriff was just reviving and attempting to rise as her daughter ran in.

"Your father," she asked faintly—"oh, Virginia, where is he?" Looking at the girl's drawn face, she noticed the horror in her eyes and the direction of her gaze. Virginia gestured toward the window hopelessly.

"They took father and John away," she said, with a flash of hatred, "and left me with *him.*"

For the first time the mother's numbed faculties cleared a little, and she perceived the spy lying on the floor. Weak and dazed, she looked at her daughter inquiringly.

"Yes, I killed him!"

There came a silence, broken by her harsh sobbing. At the same instant, in the street below, young Vandergriff and Charlie Harrison, running from different directions, had met outside the door, the panels of which were splintered and battered in. The two young men entered the house together, and in another moment the mother was clasped affectionately in the son's arms, and hasty explanations followed.

Father and brother—both taken! As Virginia was telling, hurriedly, the part Emanon had played in the terrible events just passed, a terrific explosion rocked the house, and the next room burst into flames, which began to lick their way thru the double doorway, catching the portières and consuming them in an instant.

The invaders were evidently encountering some unexpected resistance in this particular section of the city, and a flock of aeroplanes had been dispatched to spread further terror and destruction.

It was one of these incendiary bombs which had set the house on fire, and, as the young men hurriedly took the others out thru the smoke-filled hall and thence to the street, Virginia glanced back into the room and saw the ungainly form of Emanon sprawled on the drawing-room floor. The fire was slowly creeping towards him, while in the room beyond, now a roaring furnace, his fellow-spy, locked securely in the closet, was paying the penalty of her duplicity.

Truly had retribution, swift and pitiless, followed and caught these two who so richly deserved it.

Rushing out, the fugitives looked fearfully up and down the street, and, as the smoke began to pour from the door and windows of their doomed house, young Vandergriff led them to their garage in the rear, pushed them hastily into the big touring-car, and, with himself at the wheel, and Charlie beside him, they dashed out thru the blinding smoke, around the corner and up tenantless Fifth Avenue.

Everywhere, as they sped on, the streets, so recently crowded with fleeing people, were now silent and deserted, save for dead bodies here and there, and anon some poor, wretched being, grievously wounded, piteously begging for aid they had not the power to give.

A mile further uptown they encountered a lone policeman pacing his beat, still held to his post by a sense of duty, and, to their eager questioning about the group of prisoners that had passed his way, he pointed si-

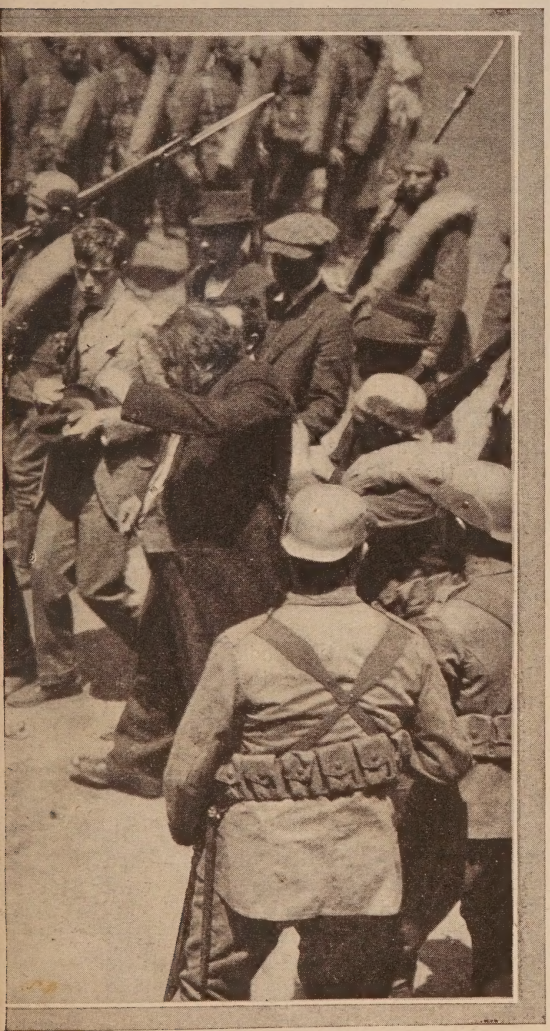
JOHN HARRISON AND MR. VANDERGRIFF

lently to the fatal courtyard in the middle of the block. With a horrible fear clutching at his heart, young Vandergriff slowed up and turned into the place where the grim tragedy had just been enacted.

"God in heaven!" cried Charlie, piteously. "Turn back—dont take them in there!"

Too late! They had seen!

The mother arose, then covered her eyes, and fell back. Virginia, frantic, started to get out. The boys tried to prevent her. She would not be denied. Mother, too, needs must follow her daughter.



MARCHING TO THEIR DOOM

They alighted and went, tremblingly, fearfully, towards that dread, still pile of victims, the son forcing the horrified little Dorothy back into the car, and ordering her to stay there.

The martyrs of unpreparedness lay stark and staring, their pitiful faces crying to Heaven for vengeance. Some of these poor men had objected because the hand of crimson lust had been laid on trembling wife or daughter. Some had striven to prevent their homes from being sacked and pillaged and their children slaughtered. Some of them, as we know, had been accused of "carrying arms and firing from ambush." A veritable "leading of lambs to the slaughter."

Virginia was the first to discover her father's body.

She stood stock-still, incapable of motion, her lips trembling, her hands working convulsively. Past her swiftly brushed a figure, and, with a heartrending cry, flung itself upon the still figure.

Oh! faithful, loving wife, thou hast found thy husband, but he cannot answer thy frantic words of endearment, cannot hear thy choking sobs, cannot feel thy tender caresses.

Daughter and son knelt beside their stricken mother, in dumb grief. Charlie passed on, searching for that which he dreaded to find. Virginia took one of her father's cold hands and held it protectingly to her warm breast. Alas! poor, little daughter, all the warmth of life pulsing in thy vigorous young body will not warm that cold clay.

Chapter XVII.

Little Dorothy was standing up in the tonneau, straining her eyes to see thru her tear-swollen lids. A look of horror transfixed the childish face. She sprang out of the car, and, with a cry of "My father!" rushed across the intervening space and threw herself on his body in an access of wild, hysterical grief.

A few feet away, Charlie was stand-

THE DOOMED MAN TURNS UPON HIS ASSAILANTS

ing with clenched hands and grief-torn face. He had found his brother!

The hand unclenched, the tension relaxed, and he dropped to his knees, crying, "John! John! My brother!" Virginia heard the cry. She looked around dully, then, keeping her eyes in the direction of where John was lying, she gently placed her father's hand across his breast and followed the call of her lover's brother.

She found Charlie raising John in his arms and calling him by name, over and over again. He was hardly conscious of Virginia's presence, as she knelt beside him and took John's head in her lap, tenderly wiping the blood from his forehead.

For a moment they remained in silence—mother and son, brother and sweetheart—mourning their dead.

Suddenly Virginia's body grew tense and rigid; her breath was indrawn sharply. She clutched Charlie's arm.

"Look! Look!"

Ah! there was a faint flutter of John's eyelids, a sighing breath, then the brave, true eyes opened and looked wonderingly from one to the other.

"Charlie! Virginia!" he called, in sudden recognition.

Oh! Thank God in His mercy for this one sweet in all the bitter cup! John lives!

Swift upon this thanksgiving came the thought of recurring danger. If they should come back and find him alive?

The girl's face was that of a tigress defending her wounded mate. Her protecting arms were about him. Furtively they looked around the empty court. There was none there but themselves, their family, and the dead.

The son touched his mother's arm. She nodded and, indicating the little girl, motioned for him to take her away.

Twice he gently took Dorothy's hands and attempted to lead her to the car. Twice the heartbroken child tore herself from him and clung to her beloved father, twining her slight arms around his neck and refusing to leave him.

With tears streaming down his cheeks, her big brother finally picked her up in his strong arms and, with a heart nigh breaking with grief, carried her forcibly to the auto, where she sank down on the floor, her little frame shaken with great, shuddering sobs.

Taking her little coat, he returned to his mother's side, and gave her the

garment, then turned his back, unable to bear the sight of that sad farewell. The grief-stricken widow clasped the dead form in a last, passionate embrace, pressing kisses on the cold lips and brow, then, summoning all her fortitude, lowered his head gently to the ground, covered the poor, dead face with Dorothy's little coat, and, reaching out a hand to her son, who raised her to her feet and supported her, she tottered, almost in a stupor, to the waiting auto.

As the son steadied her into the back seat, he heard Charlie excitedly calling him, and, to his intense joy and surprise, saw John sitting up and talking. With a bound, he was at his side, and the three raised him to his feet. He stood unsteadily at first, but gained strength every moment. A scalp-wound, painful but not deep, had stunned him. Another bullet had passed thru the fleshy part of the forearm, and this wound Virginia quickly bound up with a handkerchief.

As his brain cleared, the whole ghastly drama repeated itself in his memory. He glanced quickly at Virginia.

"Your father," he asked—"where is he?" She mutely pointed to the quiet form a few feet away, the face covered by a little girl's coat. John gathered her in his arms, and, standing thus, looked around at the other shapeless things, which a few brief moments ago had been living, breathing human beings.

"These honored dead," he said, in a hushed, prophetic voice, "have consecrated this ground with their blood. My life, which has been miraculously spared, I hereby consecrate to the cause of Peace thru Power—Peace assured by Preparedness."

Staggering with weakness after this sudden strain of emotion, John was led to the car by the two young men.

Virginia followed and paused by her father, kneeling at his side. She closed her eyes, and her lips moved in prayer. Dry, bitter sobs shook her breast as she bent and kist the kind, loving hands, always so warm—now, alas! cold in death. Despite his mistaken ideas, his misguided beliefs, he had been a loving and devoted father. Composing herself with a tremendous effort, she entered the car, the door was shut, and slowly and reverently they passed out of the "Place of the Martyred Dead."

Chapter XVIII.

Rolling meadows, fragrant with new-cut hay.

Fields of rich emerald-green, and banks of daisies snow-white.

Cattle, knee-deep in the sweet clover, and the sun in the west shedding its golden glory over a land of peace and plenty.

A few miles away the same sun was shining on blackened and ruined homes, on noble edifices blasted and shattered as if by the hand of a wrathful God.

As the occupants of the speeding motor-car looked on the flying panorama of beautiful Long Island farms and gardens, it seemed utterly incomprehensible that back there, in the great city, their loved ones—father, mother, sister, and the nearest and dearest of thousands of other so-called free Americans—were lying, with sightless eyes and mutilated bodies, under the same golden sunlight that was bathing these hills and valleys in its celestial radiance.

Speed on! Away from the black horror that lies behind! Away into the quiet, peaceful country. Behind lies dread devastation of fire and sword; ahead lies liberty, safety!

What was that cloud of dust? On went foot and emergency brakes with a jar. The huge car came to a sudden stop, its motor purring quietly.

"Cavalry!" muttered Charlie, with a stifled exclamation—"those murderous-looking round-caps again!" There was no mistaking them—once seen, they were never forgotten.

"Back up! Swing around!" cried John, hoarsely. "They have seen us, but we can outdistance their horses easily. Quick—crouch down! They may fire!"

Round swept the big Renault,

straightened up and fled. The horsemen were being dropped behind as if they were standing still. Just in front a cross-road intersected the main highway. Suddenly down this road, as if springing out of the very earth, came spinning a motorcycle squad, their staccato "put-put" rising in sharp crescendo as they increased their speed. Behind them a heavy cloud of dust, as another body of cavalry scouts broke into a gallop.

Trapped! The cracking exhausts of the motorcycles blended into a high-pitched hum as they whizzed along the short stretch of road that separated them from that down which young Vandergriff was urging his car with every ounce of power in the splendid motor.

If he could reach the turn first! Ten seconds more! The motorcyclists looked like a brown streak! The big car was hitting seventy miles an hour!

Hold fast! Now! Around on two wheels! A crash, as one of the motor-squad, a little in advance of the rest, unable to check his furious pace, was hit squarely by the hind wheels of the car as it skidded around the turn, and hurled, a crumpled mass, a hundred feet away.

On! on! Faster and faster.

Seventy-one, seventy-two, the speedometer registered, but faster still came those whirring devils. Inch by inch they crept up.

Virginia, raising her head for an instant and looking back, could see the whites of the foremost riders' eyes gleaming wickedly in their grimy, dust-covered faces.

Faster and yet faster! The speed was terrific! The big car swayed from side to side of the narrow road, and, try as they might, the cyclists could not pass, altho they were now so close behind that the sound was like the combined whirr of a hundred sewing-machines.

Suddenly the driver of the car sat up. The speed slackened. His face went haggard, hopeless—the look of a trapped animal. Coming down the road at a full trot, directly in front of them, was another detachment of the enemy's cavalry. The foremost motorcycles now shot ahead, the others drew up alongside, and, with a forty-five calibre automatic pointing at his head on either side, young Vandergriff had no choice but to slow down and come to a full stop.

The occupants of the car tried to conceal the fear that sickened their hearts and blanched their faces, as they were surrounded by the ferocious-looking cavalry scouts. An officer dismounted, swaggered across the road, with a sabre clanking at heel, and looked his captives over.

"This car is commandeered," he announced insolently. "Get out!"

There was naught else to do, oh, ye free Americans, but obey the invader's command. Slowly, sullenly, the two young men stepped down. John did the same, after a whispered word of encouragement to the terrified mother and girls.

The latter were following closely behind, when the officer's eyes met Virginia's. She stopped, frozen with fear. He appraised her with a sen-

sual leer, then waved her back again, bowing ironically.

"We will not inconvenience the ladies," he growled—"they go with the car."

He handed the reins of his horse to one of the troopers and put one foot on the running-board.

Virginia gave a cry of terror and

WITH A BOUND HE WAS AT HIS SIDE

alarm and tried to get out. The officer barred her way and pushed her roughly back. Almost simultaneously, all three Americans sprang at the brute. John was there first by the fraction of a second, his powerful hands gripping the invader. A heave of his massive shoulders whirled him from the car to the road, where, poising for a brief instant, John put all his weight and strength and hatred into one crashing, swinging blow full in the bestial, inflamed face before him. As the man fell, John hurled his two hundred pounds of bone, sinew and muscle upon him, sinking his fingers deep into his enemy's throat.

A dozen soldiers were off their horses in a second's time and sprang upon young Vandergriff and Charlie, who struggled with the strength of hopeless desperation until quickly overwhelmed by numbers.

Virginia, standing up in the tonneau, her finger-nails cutting into her palms, suffered at that moment the keenest agony of her life.

Over and over the combatants rolled, both powerful, big-muscled men. Now John was under, then again on top, dashing his heavy fist into the hateful face, gripping at the throat with fingers of steel.

Virginia's hand flew to her own soft throat; her heart seemed to have jumped up there and to be stifling her.

A savage-looking soldier stepped forward and affixed the bayonet to his rifle; then, following the rolling, struggling figures, he poised his weapon and coolly waited his chance.

Look not upon it! And yet, perhaps the actual horrible sight itself was not so heartrending, so pitiful as its reflection in the face of the girl upon whose innocent heart was laid the heavy burden, the unspeakable ordeal of seeing that cruel lunge, that cowardly stab in the back that robbed her of the man of her choice —the man she loved better than all the world.

Merciful unconsciousness drew a kindly veil over her outraged senses, even as the blow fell, and she did not see the officer rise painfully from the dust, fingering his throat, kicking and cursing the prostrate form, and then climb heavily onto the seat beside her, his bloodshot eyes glaring red and baleful; did not hear the guttural, snarling order from his swollen lips that meant the death-warrant of her big brother and Charlie; heard not the sharp volley that stilled their youthful hearts and sent their boyish

souls speeding after John's into the Great Unknown.

Luckily, mercifully, she heard and saw nothing until, miles away from those three heaps of clay that were once lover, brother, friend, she awoke, smiling, to feel her mother's arms about her, her mother's sad eyes gazing down into hers; then, turning, saw, feeding upon her with a bestial, hellish leer, the inflamed, bloodshot eyes of the conqueror.

HE POISED HIS WEAPON AND

Chapter XIX.

The setting sun, low above the horizon, red as blood, crimsoning the window-panes, chimneys and gate-posts of a stately dwelling.

Heavy, iron-shod feet crushing down the flowers in the formal garden and stamping rudely over porches and thru halls.

The owner and his family had fled, abandoning their beautiful home to the brutal invaders, and only one trembling old servitor, who had tarried too long, remained of all the retinue of servants in the Belton household. Many, many times had the Vandergriffs motored over here from their own palatial country home, "The Oaks," for gay week-end parties, dances and dinners.

It seemed unbelievable! It must be a hideous nightmare, a foolish freakish trick of the brain! Why, only last Saturday they had driven over in this very car, and John had run out from New York in the train, and they had played tennis, with tea afterward, on this very same cool, green lawn.

"John!" His name brought back that awful scene seared into her brain, never to be effaced—the brutal soldier waiting with upraised blade and evil grin of malicious joy.

Then—a surge of red before her eyes, a suffocating faintness clutching at her heart, then blank nothingness.

Now, here, close beside her, his uniform touching her dress, the unwashed odor of his massive body and the stink of stale tobacco offending her delicate nostrils, was the beast whom John had grappled with and borne to the ground in that Homeric struggle—that last mad but manly protest against the violation of American womanhood.

Ask not the patient, sorrowing mother to say with her lips that which her eyes told so pitifully. When Virginia looked at her, the question remained unasked. It was already answered by the mute agony in the mother's face.

Dead! All of them! Virginia read it in the quivering body of her little sister, torn with hysterical sobs that shuddered forth in long-drawn breaths of pain; read it in the mother's hopeless apathy; seemed to read it in the dying sun splashing with blood the familiar landscape.

COOLLY AWAITED HIS CHANCE

They had rolled up the drive and stopped at the entrance, in days gone by so hospitable, now housing grim terror within its portals.

"Get out!" the raucous voice commanded, and, hand-in-hand, brave mother first, Virginia second, and little Dorothy, shivering with fear, clinging tightly to her, the sad little procession—the last remnant of two happy families, on which that blood-tinged sun, now shedding its crimson rays, rose so blithely no longer ago than this morning—passed thru the entrance over which might well have been written, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

In the familiar sitting-room, now reeking with tobacco-smoke and noisy with discordant voices, the Beltons' faithful old butler, held trembling in the grip of two cavalrymen, was trying vainly to understand what they were demanding of him.

The entrance of the officer and his captives created a diversion, the men released the butler, and all eyes were fixed on the graceful young girls and their more mature, but still beautiful, mother.

"Drinks—wine, whisky!" ordered the officer, in broken English—"everything you have, quick!"

Opening the library door, he beckoned to the three pitiful figures standing huddled in the center of the room.

He paid no attention to Mrs. Vandergriff, nor Dorothy, but his eyes gleamed, and his nostrils dilated, as Virginia, striving to look brave, passed him, her chin in the air, hatred and contempt in every line of her face and figure.

Inside the library, Virginia, casting an involuntary look behind her, quivered with an unnamable fear as her eyes met those of the man gloating in the doorway. The blood rushed to her face, then receded, leaving a deathly pallor on brow and lips. She quickly averted her gaze, and, after a moment of breathless suspense that seemed interminable, heard the door close.

With a pulse beating wildly in her throat, she stole another furtive glance in the direction of their captor, and her heart leapt riotously as she saw that, for the present, he had gone and they were alone in the room.

Her mother crossed swiftly to the long French window leading to the vine-covered loggia, and opened it cautiously. Outside, like a statue, stood at attention a sentry, stern and impassive. She closed the window softly, then leaned against it, weak in body and sick at heart; but only for a moment, for she was a mother of mothers, the kind who protect their young.

She crossed to the door and listened. From the next room came the tinkle of glasses and the sound of loud, brutish laughter. She shuddered,

then softly turned the key in the lock, and, leaving the door, showed a brave, smiling face to the two girls.

"My children," she said, in an even, g l a d voice, "fear no more—all danger is past!"

Little Dorothy w a s in her arms in an instant, strong in her trust in the motherly protection t h a t had never yet failed during all her little span of happy life—tight in her mother's arms, close to her mother's wildly b e a t i n g heart. "T h e r e, there, sweet!" cooed the agonized woman; "mother will not let them harm her little girl. Sit in this big chair; cuddle down and keep, oh, so quiet!"

There w a s wonderment in the soft, childish eyes so like the elder woman's, and yet so unlike. The child's eyes clouded only w i t h childish grief and present sorrow; the woman's were heavy with t h e unspeakable woe of a c o m i n g tragedy too frightful for thought or utterance. With the wonder in the child's eyes there was also faith, the unshaken faith in a mother's promise. Behind the promise in the mother's eyes lay the burden of a duty far more cruel than the sting of a thousand deaths.

"GET OUT!" THE

"Fear no more—all danger is past." Virginia wondered at the words, too, and was searching her mother's face for some solution of the apparently impossible. The woman read the look and caught her to her heart, holding her crushed close to that throbbing breast that fed and nourished her when she was a wee, helpless little mite, nearly twenty years ago.

No more helpless then than now, poor little Virginia, but helpless as you may be, mother-love and mother-strength are just as potent to protect and to save you from harm as when you were a tiny soft bundle with pink, rose-leaf fingers plucking gently at the bosom that was now so cruelly torn with heart-rending agony.

"Mother, mother, dearest," she pleaded, "tell me!"

There was a look in the mother's eyes that had never been there before—a look of dumb agony, of self-sacrifice and sacrifice of more than self—the look of a lost soul passing thru the Valley of the Shadow. Virginia's eyes widened in slow-growing deathly horror—what was it her mother was whispering with white lips?

"No, no, mother," she cried—"not that!"

The inexorable look turned toward the big chair wherein was huddled a little girl. The inexorable whisper

RAUCOUS VOICE COMMANDED

fell on Virginia's heart like clods on a coffin:

"It is the only way."

From the bosom of her dress Virginia, with shaking fingers, a tremulous, brave smile on her lips, drew forth the pistol which had sounded the death-warrant of her father and her lover, that had removed Emanon from the face of the earth, and which still contained two unused cartridges.

CHAPTER XX.

Thru the window a sinister bar of red sunlight splashed on the door leading into the next room. A brass-and-mahogany Empire clock on the mantel ticked monotonously. The only other sound in the quiet library was an occasional dry sob shaking the forlorn little figure in the great leather chair. In spite of mother's comforting assurance, the child's frightened eyes darted frequent, apprehensive glances toward the adjoining room.

Courage, little daughter! In the bloody war into which America has been plunged, many deeds of heroism will be done, countless acts of bravery and chivalry accomplished, but none so highly heroic, so splendidly courageous as the sublime sacrifice now taking place behind your chair!

Sweet Virginia, girlish, delicately nurtured, accustomed to elegance and luxury, unused to the harsh contact of the outside world; yet in this supreme moment she was living all the traditions of her race of strong, brave, virtuous American womanhood.

The look of horror had passed away from the girl's face, just as her girlishness had dropped like a mantle, revealing the woman beneath. The droop had gone from her shoulders; she stood erect, calm, inspired. Looking fearlessly, lovingly into her mother's eyes, she placed the weapon of death in the outstretched hand.

As the mother's fingers closed upon it a flash of madness crept into her eyes; then, holding herself under control with a mighty effort, she steadied for the final ordeal and, hiding the revolver behind her, advanced with firm step toward little Dorothy.

She looked so small in that big chair, so pitifully childish, and the dark eyes were so tragic, so appealing and so trustful.

"Ah, God! this cannot be! Dear God! Thou canst not, in Thy justice and mercy, permit this!"

The child started in nervous terror as she became conscious of the soft footfall behind her; then the pathetic little face lit up with a flash of her old sweet smile as she saw it was her mother bending over her.

Oh, mothers of Sparta! Your sorrows were never so frightful as the sufferings of this mother of America. Oh, Father Abraham! thou didst not approximate her agony when thou madest ready to sacrifice thy son Isaac, for thy heart, tho overflowing with a father's love, could not know the depth and power and strength and tenderness of the most sublime, unselfish thing in all creation—mother-love!

The soft little hand reached up so appealingly.

"Mother dear," she asked, smiling, "they will not hurt us?"

"No, no, my darling; they shall not touch you."

The fragile fingers were pressed to mother's dry lips. With her free hand she stroked for the last time the soft, glossy hair, and at the sweet contact the flood-gates of her agony were opened and hot, blinding tears rained down her face and fell on the dark, graceful head crushed close to her breaking heart.

"Oh, God in Heaven!" she prayed, "prevent this monstrous thing! Show me some other way——"

Thru the heavy paneled oaken door muffled shouts of coarse laughter, snatches of song in a hateful language and the thick-tongued growls of human animals inflamed and grown bestial with desire and drink and laxed discipline, fell upon the tortured, quivering nerves of the listening woman.

"Quick, there is no time to lose! Now—now, while some shreds of reason and strength and sanity remain——"

"Good-by, child of my heart, my baby girl! Come closer, closer—shut your eyes—nothing shall ever harm you again——" The handle of the

door rattled. "Quick, quick, it must be now!"

Virginia, turned to stone, every fiber of her body strained and tense to the breaking point, her great eyes glaring black out of a white, drawn face, her mouth opened to shriek but without the power, suddenly whirled away as she covered her horrified eyes. The soft, firm hand with the weapon was slowly coming into view.

Brutish faces leered drunkenly at each other, glasses were raised. The burly officer, whose neck was still ribbed with blue marks from John's fingers, was the center of admiration—the women were his captives.

"Come away from that door, comrade! First a toast to the ladies—a toast to our fair captives: 'Wine, Woman and Song—Huzzah!' "

A muffled shot, a stifled scream, another shot, then silence.

The BATTLE CRY OF PEACE

THE officer's glass was hurled down with a crash. He strode to the door.

"Hell! It is locked. Here, break it down—sword, bayonet, anything!"

A wreath of white smoke hung in the still air. A woman sat on the floor, pillowing in her lap the head of her first-born. In her arms she held the youngest one, rocking her gently to and fro, smiling and crooning to her as if she were again a baby.

"How they are rattling and banging on that door!" she complained. "They will wake Dorothy, little Dorothy who is so tired! And Virginia, too—she is sleeping so soundly; well, she has had a hard day. Why did we come here? Where are we? Oh, yes, at the Beltons', of course. We must be going. Dorothy! Dorothy, dear! Strange how still she is and how heavy."

A sudden, frightened look shot into the tired, questioning eyes, growing into an expression of dumb terror.

"Why doesn't she answer?"

The loving touch strayed caressingly up and down the slim form, seized a limp hand, and raised it to her lips. It was cold! She released it and the arm fell, heavy as lead.

"Virginia!" She reached over and shook the girl lying so peacefully, with calm, upturned face. Her eyes traveled stupidly over the lithe figure, traveled beyond, and caught the metallic gleam of a pistol lying on the floor beside her; traveled further still and stopped, rigidly focused on an ever-widening stain on the carpet—a dark, dread, gruesome stain. Her body stiffened, her eyes glared. For one brief, blinding, crucifying second, sanity returned. They were not asleep; their eyes were closed in death!

BRUTISH FACES LEERED DRUNKENLY AT EACH OTHER, GLASSES WERE CLINKED AND RAISED

Dead! Both of them. Her last, her all, her babies! Dead by her own hand.

Those beasts at the door! She remembered. She struggled to rise, to tear them to pieces with her nails, her teeth.

Then something in the tortured brain snapped, and, leaning her head back, she laughed and laughed and laughed.

It was a good, strong door and a first-class lock, but finally it gave, and the officer, with a tigerish snarl, hurled himself thru, the other brutes following close on his heels.

"They are here, my darlings, but fear not. Mother has tricked them. They thought they were clever, but mother was too cunning for them.

"Keep your eyes closed, and they will think you are dead—DEAD! Ha! ha! Only sleeping. How we are fooling them! When they have gone we will steal out and tell father and brother. How they will laugh, too——"

There were some young faces in the group at the door—faces on which shame or sympathy should be found; but none was there.

Had they mothers and sisters of their own? Evidently not, for no sign of compassion could be traced in the

brutal masks that covered the faces God "made in His own image." They too, are laughing—not the wild laugh of insanity, but the cruel laugh of fiends incarnate.

Their captain was not laughing. His coarse lips were twisted into a vicious sneer. The back of his neck grew dull red. The veins on his forehead swelled with rage as he realized that the little woman had tricked him and had made a fool of him before his men. Yes, they were laughing in their sleeves at him, and she was the cause of it. She had robbed him of his perquisite, his just fruits of victory. Devil's luck! The old witch had killed her brats just to spite him. Very well!

With an oath, he emptied his automatic into the three figures on the floor, firing savagely and indiscriminately until the gun was empty.

"Curse her!" he roared. "She made them laugh at me!"

He turned, the men in the doorway fell back, and, without another look, he strode after them and slammed the door.

The smoke ascended and hung in lacy clouds under the ceiling.

A last, flickering ray of sunlight struggled for an instant thru the heavy, violet clouds and fell on the quiet mother-face. The ray of sunlight was no longer blood-red. It was pure gold, and it lingered caressingly on the dead face, glorifying with a more than earthly radiance the smile that rested on the now peaceful countenance.

Chapter XXI.

The invasion of America was a work of genius. Genius, we are told, is "a capacity for taking infinite pains." So carefully, so completely had the invaders laid and carried out their plans, so fully were they informed by their far-reaching spy system, that every feeble move on the part of the defenders was anticipated. So suddenly had they struck that the city was in their hands before any organized resistance was possible.

The first thought in each New Yorker's mind was of his home and of those whom it was his duty to protect. The first object of the invaders was to destroy every armory, central station and power-house, and thus telephone, telegraph, subway, elevated, trolley and electric light—every main artery of the city's life—were paralyzed by the enemy's shells from without, and thru co-operation with their traitorous confederates within.

The militia, the only available force for the defense of New York, was, therefore, rendered well-nigh useless at the outset, and the handful of regulars at Governor's Island and the forts—not a thousand all told—had been sadly decimated by the terrific bombardment of the enemy fleet.

The commander of the Army of the East knew how hopeless it all was. He had seen the handwriting on the wall for years, and now that the time had come, he knew the knell of doom had sounded for his brave little band, and so, fifteen hours after that first paralyzing crash, which heralded the dread war-monster's approach and scattered the Brothers of Peace like a lot of scared rabbits, the ghostly dawn ushered in to the people of America the horror of that never-to-be-forgotten morning after.

The streets were empty, silent, yet peopled with the fearsome presence of a thousand murdered innocents; deserted by all save the dead, until the silence was broken by the advance of countless drab figures trampling ruthlessly over the poor, mutilated bodies, pressing unceasingly on thru the horrible shambles, line after line, regiment after regiment—endless divisions of a great army—their perfection of equipment, training and discipline a hideous comparison to the sad spectacle of our unpreparedness.

They flowed onward as resistlessly as the current of Niagara, up Fifth Avenue, thru the Bronx, and out into Westchester County, where a handful of Americans, hastily entrenched near White Plains, were about to go thru the farce of "defending their country."

The makeshift American Army was

"CURSE HER," HE ROARED, "SHE MADE THEM LAUGH AT ME"

made up of a little over 500 regulars, infantry and coast artillery; about 4,000 National Guardsmen; 1,000 from the police force, who bravely volunteered, and approximately a thousand practically untrained recruits, consisting of business men who had spent

a month in the military camps at Plattsburg and Fort Hamilton.

Against this pitifully small, disorganized force of about 7,500 men was advancing a compact, highly trained body of veteran fighters, numbering 125,000—three highly developed army corps, organized and equipped with the most modern and deadly field artillery, hundreds of machine-guns, thousands of rounds of ammunition, and an efficient flying squadron of twenty aeroplanes and two dirigibles.

The American commander had set his stage for the last stand. His men had dug themselves in, but the time had been too short to construct anything more than shallow, improvised trenches in which, worn with anxiety and the unaccustomed fatigue of an all-night march, lay the caricature of an army, fondly supposed by the smug exponents of national complacency to be capable of defending the gateway and metropolis of the wealthiest country on the face of the globe.

As the sky brightened into an opalescent dawn, several little black specks could be descried away up among the the rose-tinted clouds. They rapidly grew more distinct.

"Aeroplanes!" laconically exclaimed a lean-visaged captain of artillery.

"They can see us! Oh, it's hellish! They have found our range now, and we are as blind as bats," blurted out a boyish-looking National Guardsman.

And the chaplain of New York's crack militia regiment quoted under his breath: "Whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood be upon his own head."

The General, looking, as he knew, for the last time on his helpless little army, cursed, in the bitterness of his heart, those upon whose heads rested the blood of these brave men, so soon to be slaughtered.

Three miles away things were happening. A rather dense thicket of woods ran parallel to the American entrenchments, and these woods were literally alive with the men in the drab uniforms and little, round steel caps.

Carefully hidden among the foliage was a row of heavy field-guns and howitzers.

A drone, as of a swarm of bees, grew gradually louder, and two of the aeroplane scouts circled over the woods. One landed gracefully on an open stretch of ground, the other continued on towards the invading army's headquarters in New York.

The aviator made his report, the commander shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and turned to an artillery officer.

"The scouts are now giving you the range," he commanded bluntly—"commence firing!"

Slowly, methodically, the muzzles of the great guns were elevated. A shrill whistle sounded, and one of the sinister mouths spoke. The artillery officer did not watch where the shell struck. He scrutinized thru his glasses the hawk-like aeroplanes hovering over the American lines.

Quickly the signal came: "Two points too high."

In unison the black muzzles were depressed a quarter of an inch. Another deep-throated roar, and the second shell, screaming its telltale message, flew in a high, wide arc, to burst full in the center of the shallow entrenchment. The aeroplanes signaled "Correct," and in an instant the air was filled with the shriek of shrapnel, the moan of heavier shells and the continuous roar of terrific detonations.

And what of the opposing army?

Blasted, withered, pitiful; torn into shreds and hurled into the air. Smashed to bits and buried under tons of earth—here a huge smoking mound thrown up, with legs, arms and fragments of human bodies protruding; there, a deep crater with men unspeakably maimed and mutilated, clawing the earth in their agony, slipping down in a frightful welter of blood into the ghastly pile at the bottom.

After ten minutes of an inferno

such as none of the defenders ever dreamed of, the bombardment suddenly ceased.

A handful of the survivors—all that was left of them—retreated to the nearest cover—the little farmhouse a quarter of a mile away. The observers in the air watched the movement with derision, and communicated the intelligence in detail by their aerial wireless.

One of the big howitzers lifted its huge mouth grimly and silently. A huge shell tore thru the air and crashed into the exact center of the farmhouse. The entire building and its outhouses disappeared like a house of cards. A fierce flame licked up the few scraps of inflammable material that had not been blown into atoms, and for yards around the ground was covered with dead and dying. The General himself was seriously wounded, and less than five hundred men remained alive.

When, fifteen minutes later, the enemy advanced in close formation, the General surrendered. A small force was detailed to take the prisoners back to New York, and the great, drab monster continued its ceaseless march onward, ever onward, thru the rich and fertile fields, toward those other cities, waiting, with their wealth, their arsenals, machine-shops and powder works, to be sucked into the insatiable maw of the war-monster.

How immutable the workings of Providence, how resistless the cycle, in each swing of which history is made, and how true it is that history repeats itself! Four hundred and sixty-five years before Christ trod the earth the noble city of Carthage reared its skyline on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. The Carthaginians were puffed up with a proud self-sufficiency. They had heard of the Romans, but the broad seas were between them, and because they had not seen Rome they feared it not.

But the day came when their proud fleet of gold and silver and brass bedecked galleys was scattered, broken and sunk; when the multitude gathered on the hills saw not the flags of their victorious navy returning, but Roman banners flaunting at the mastheads of a countless fleet of invading ships.

Even then fear entered not into their hearts, for on their lips was the stock phrase, the modern shibboleth of Peace without Preparedness: "Have we not legions of brave citizens, tenfold the number of the invaders, to take up the sword and drive them from our shores?"

And it is written that a bearded sage answered them, saying, "Of what utility is an untrained mob of brave men before even a small army of armed and trained brave men?"

And how truly he spoke is shown by that same relentless history which tells us that the people of Carthage were put to the sword, that the fair city was destroyed, that plows were run over the place where Carthage once stood, and that salt was spread upon the blood-sodden, upturned earth as a sign that the city should never be rebuilt.

Has this not a familiar ring?—"The broad seas are between us and our enemies, therefore we fear them not"—"Can we not raise an army of a million citizens at the wave of a hand to drive our enemies from our shores?"

This weak-kneed, milksop twaddle no doubt disgusted the bearded sage of Carthage as much as it nauseates the few red-blooded American citizens of today who *really know* the needs of our country and its dangers.

Four hundred and sixty-five years before Christ, down to Anno Domini 1915, and yet we have not learnt the lesson of the ages; have not learnt that the weak and helpless will always be oppressed; have not learnt that might is right; have not learnt how to protect our rights and the rights of our children!

There is the crux of the whole indefensible situation—our duty to our children—for the children are the strength of the nation and the heirs of our ills and happiness. We build for

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE MADE PRISONERS

them, wisely or evilly. In the words of the bearded sage of today, one of our most respected and most venerable citizens, Reverend Doctor Lyman Abbott:

"The father and mother may surrender their own rights, but they have no right to surrender the rights of their children."

Chapter XXII.

"To neglect one's liberty is to lose it; to neglect one's country is to perish with it."

Some of the heavy-hearted thousands, who filled the sidewalks and clustered in the windows of those buildings still standing in the vicinity of Broadway and

Forty-second street, may have remembered those epic words, spoken by a senator from the West at the recent launching of the battleship *Arizona*.

The work on that splendid vessel was being rapidly pushed to completion, but, alas! no Stars and Stripes would fly proudly from her masthead. When finished by forced American labor, she was going to be joined to the powerful fleet of the enemy. Another ironical rebuke to those whose policy was responsible for the deplorable sight now being witnessed in the heart of that erstwhile "Great White Way"—now a "Way of Black Desolation."

On either side of Broadway, as far as the eye could reach, stretched lines of the hostiles, standing rigid and immovable as stone figures. Down between them came a straggling band of American troops, weary and broken in body and spirit, sullen resentment smouldering in their eyes, hopelessness written on their haggard, war-worn countenances.

Sad and pathetic figures they were in their tattered uniforms. The "Army of the East," all that was left of them—the weakest and most grievously wounded staggering along, supported by their stronger comrades.

In the widest part of the street a great pile of rifles was being constantly added to as each man deposited there his arms of offense and defense.

"Lay down your arms," had been one of the slogans of the pacifists, and here it was of a verity coming to pass, but not quite in the manner hoped for by the gentle advocates. This was the way chosen by the victors as a sort of Roman holiday. Another and a final object-lesson to those who had crept back, or been driven back, or had never been able to get away in that Dante's Inferno a month ago, when the population fled wildly from the rain of death.

Give up your swords, ye officers! Relinquish your torn shreds of flags, ye color-bearers! Lay down your arms and pass on in ignominy and defeat, ye poor victims of short-sightedness, ignorance and criminal neglect!

Your capitol at Washington is in ruins—its fair, white dome rent and blackened. Columbia is on her knees, despoiled and violated, with fettered, supplicating hands raised to Heaven, and there is none to aid her.

People of America! Do you want this?

Or will the spirit of '76, the spirits of Washington, of Lincoln, of Grant and of McKinley, kindle now in the breasts of our citizens the realization that Power spells Peace, that the Navy is our first line of defense, and that behind it must stand an Army worthy of the name? Will we learn that "if we really wish for peace at all hazards we must ever strengthen our Navy and train every youth in the Republic to such an extent as shall qualify him to be converted into an efficient soldier at the shortest notice"?

Can we be taught "self-preservation is the first law of a nation; neither wars, fires nor disasters are caused by precaution, but precaution and preparedness prevent them"?

That "adequacy is not reached until our Navy is strong enough to meet on equal terms the navy of the strongest possible adversary."

Will the truth come home to us that "our coast-defenses protect the people of the inland States and their interests just as surely as those of the States on the coast"?

Have you stopped to consider that "when your Congressmen fight only for the interests of their native States they are being untrue to the best interests of their native country," and that "the right to vote implies an equal right and obligation to bear arms for that voter's country"?

Let us look for a moment on the brighter side.

No enemy has yet violated our shores.

Our hero and his beloved mother, his sweet sister and brave, enthusiastic young brother, are still alive.

The familiar living-room of that typical American home has no gaping, ragged hole in its sheltering wall.

Mother sits in the lamplight, her Bible on her knees, and Alice is arranging the flowers for the table.

Two familiar figures enter at the door. They are John and Charlie—familiar in face, yet habited in a new and startling manner.

Alice's gasp of astonishment is hushed by a warning finger on the lips of the elder son. They are in the full khaki uniform of the National Guard.

"How are my dear boys this evening?"

Mother half-turns and smiles, but does not look back in their direction. Sheltering behind mother's chair, they bend over and kiss her faded cheek.

"Mother," they tell her in full-hearted chorus, "we have been watching our bluejackets parading on Fifth Avenue—everywhere the crowds went wild with enthusiasm — and we saw the President, on the *Mayflower,* reviewing the fleet—and we have been planning a great big surprise for you, dear mother."

A pause—a nudge—a quick look given and taken.

"You tell her, John," whispers Charlie.

John, looking very serious for a

moment covers mother's eyes with his big hands, mentions to Charlie to "stand at attention" in front of her, then withdraws his hands and stands beside his brother.

Her eyes fall upon the trim gaiters, travel slowly up to the military belts and buttons, then on upward to the eager faces of the sons she loves so dearly.

Her face becomes drawn and sad and the eyes rest upon the picture on the wall, the portrait of that other one in uniform, that husband who marched away in a similar khaki-colored suit and never came back.

"Mother, Charlie and I have enlisted!" John says. "I cant hold back the news. We want to feel we are doing our share, as father did his——"

Charlie is down on his knees beside her, stroking the trembling hand.

Her head is bowed and they cannot see her face. She reaches out, takes John's hand and presses it against her cheek, and thus, silent and constrained, they wait.

Somewhere, deep down, far, far back in her inner consciousness, a strain of music is beating—the beat of a distant drum, the echo-notes of a bugle-cry, calling to the spirit within her, the spirit of those American ancestors who served at Gettysburg—aye, and at Valley Forge and Yorktown.

Her face gathers strength and beauty and inspiration. She puts the caressing hands aside with a strong, firm gesture, rises and walks steadily across the room to her husband's portrait, to the sword they sent to her from Cuba with that sad, terse, but glorious message, "Killed in action at Santiago."

She stands a long while looking into the eyes which seem to be saying, "Brave wife—brave mother—do thy duty." The sword is drawn from the scabbard, and she turns, holding it as a guerdon across her breast; the glorified light in her eyes is not of the earth.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"—her lips are moving, repeating softly the words of that martial refrain, now beating in

"GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH! HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON!"

her heart like the diapason of a mighty organ.

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat."

She presses her lips to the shining blade, then holds it out to her first-born.

"Your father's sword!" she says, ever so proudly. "Wear it in memory of the life he gave for his country, draw it only in your country's defense——"

The arms of her boys are about her and about sweet Alice, his father's sword is gripped in the strong right hand—a hand that has learnt to master it—of that living counterpart of him who wielded it bravely and well.

On her lips, a pæan of praise, ring the last inspired words of Julia Ward Howe's immortal Battle Hymn:

"Glory, glory hallelujah! His Truth is marching on!"

And in her heart, a living flame, burns the hope that over all the country may sweep a wave of patriotism, that in every home men may pledge their lives, and women dedicate their sons and husbands to the Campaign for Peace thru Preparedness against War.

THE END

SAGAMORE HILL,

Nov. 1st, 1915.

My dear Mr. Blackton:

I desire, as a good American, most heartily to thank you for "The Battle Cry of Peace." You are doing your part as a patriot to wake the people of this country to their needs and their duties. The highest duty of our great peace-loving and liberty-loving Democracy is to prepare in advance so as to be able to defend itself, and to defend the causes and principles it holds dear, from all assault. The events of the past year and a half in Europe (and of the last five years in Mexico) have shown that the peace of justice and righteousness can be obtained only by that people which is able to defend itself against the armed might which is the servant of cynical and unscrupulous brutality. The milk-and-water creature, the peace-at-any-price or professional-pacifist creature, whether man or woman, whether politician, editor, "philanthropist," college president, capitalist or labor leader, is an enemy to his or her country and to humanity, and is also the most potent and servile ally and tool of the ruthless blood-and-iron militarist. The motto of the United States in this matter should be: Millions for defense, but not a cent for either tribute or aggression.

Yours truly
Theodore Roosevelt

Resolution

PASSED BY THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS

August 19th, 1915

REPRESENTING

THE NAVY LEAGUE
NATIONAL SECURITY LEAGUE
ARMY LEAGUE
AMERICAN RED CROSS
AMERICAN LEGION

RESOLVED: That the Conference Committee on National Preparedness desires to express its deep appreciation of the patriotism which inspired the work and development of "The Battle Cry of Peace" and also expresses its hearty approval of its great educational value as indicating the need of preparedness by the United States against war.

Secretary of War Garrison

in the Battle Cry of Peace, *says:*

"Self-preservation is the first law of a nation—neither wars, fires nor disasters are caused by precaution."

Major-General Leonard Wood

in the Battle Cry of Peace, *says:*

To American fathers and mothers:—"It is murder for you to send your boys to war untrained, when it is possible to train them."

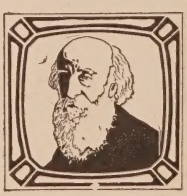
Admiral Dewey

in the Battle Cry of Peace, *says:*

"Adequacy is not reached until our navy is strong enough to meet on equal terms the navy of the strongest possible adversary."

Dr. Lyman Abbott

in the Battle Cry of Peace, *says:*



"I cannot think that all war is wrong—if I did I should not want to look upon a Bunker Hill monument—it would be a monument to our shame! . . . I should want never to speak the name of Gettysburg. . . . I should want to bury in the grave of oblivion the names of Washington and Grant."